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The New Munich

Shortly after Chamberlain's widely heralded conversion from the appeasement policy, Dr. Max Ascoli, distinguished Italian scholar residing in the United States as a refugee from fascism, was asked by an editor of this paper what he thought would happen next in Europe. "Chamberlain," he replied, "is preparing another Munich, and this time the Pope will be the mediator." Now, on two successive days, comes news that Chamberlain has expressed hope for the arbitration of the Danzig issue, and that His Holiness Pius XII has invited Germany, Britain, France and Italy to meet at the Vatican to settle the German-Polish dispute and other outstanding problems. The Soviet Union was not invited.

The Old Lion Shows His Teeth

Persons who had never seen a war economy in action might think that steps recently taken by the British government evinced a serious intention to mobilize British economy for war production. The big new budget, involving both an increase in taxes, especially on motor cars, and an increase in borrowing; the creation of a ministry of supply; the installation of conscription—these look impressive on the surface. But shrewd doubts are beginning to be expressed as to whether these measures in their present form may not lead to the same inflation and inefficiency that plagued the Western nations in the early stages of the last war. The government is going to have a lot of money to spend; there is no doubt about that. But who is going to get it, and how much will the

government get for its money? War contracts are on the old malodorous cost-plus basis. There is no control of prices to prevent costs from rising. The Ministry of Supply cannot conscript concerns for war work. Power to use priority in allocating materials and transportation is extremely limited. There is little discouragement to profits or production in industries making luxuries or non-essentials. Planned organization of the labor market, which must be affected by any large conscription, seems lacking. But why discommode business when another Munich is in sight?

Totalitarianism at Home

While Americans have been looking anxiously at the practices of the totalitarians abroad, danger continues of totalitarianism at home. Nearly sixty bills have been introduced in the present session of Congress infringing in one way or another traditional American civil liberties, particularly for recent immigrants. Mr. Dempsey of Texas wants all aliens deported who advocate "any change" in our government; this might apply to the Child Labor Amendment or any New Deal proposal. The Dempsey bill has actually passed the House of Representatives. Mr. Hobbs of Alabama would intern all aliens non-deportable because of the refusal of any government to accept them. This of course would mean concentration camps for persons accused of no crime, who are unable to leave the country through no fault of their own. This bill, also, has been passed by the House of Representatives. Mr. Starnes of Alabama and Mr. Boren of Oklahoma would exclude aliens from relief, without caring whether they starved or not. Mr. Arons of Illinois would deprive aliens of most of their civil

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liberties. Mr. Whelchel of Georgia would prohibit all immigration of every kind, refusing to permit the entry even of an Albert Einstein or a Thomas Mann. Americans who are friends of democracy throughout the world would do well to give some attention to the threats against it in measures like these, right here at home.

Coal Strike Summary

If the President's mediation does not effect a settlement of the coal strike before this New Republic reaches its readers, the following brief summary of the issues should be held in mind. (1) The employers are solely responsible for the coal shortage, since they have declined three successive offers by the miners to continue at work pending the negotiation of a new contract. (2) The union consented to continuation without change of wages, hours and other terms of the old contract, *provided* the operators would agree either to the union shop, or to the abolition of fines imposed for strikes under the contract. (3) These new demands are prompted by the danger that some of the employers, in collusion with the AFL, will try to force the jurisdiction of a competing union upon sections of the miners. An agreement to employ only members of the UMW would be a safeguard against this danger; in default of that, the union wants freedom to strike against such possible invasion. (4) Operators controlling 70 to 80 percent of the tonnage are willing to accept the union's terms; the Association as a whole is bound, however, by a unit rule. A minority are holding out. There seems to be no good reason for their position, unless they want to disrupt the union, a fact which lends credence to Mr. Lewis' charge that their attitude is "being dictated by the remote control of financial and industrial interests opposed to the United Mine Workers, to the CIO (of which the United Mine Workers is the key unit), to collective bargaining and to Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

AFL as Charlie McCarthy

Last week we reported that, according to John L. Lewis, the amendments to the National Labor Relations Act favored by the AFL had been prepared with the "aid, advice and counsel of representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers and of several of the most reactionary and anti-labor corporations of the country." Now the CIO comes forward with substantiation in the shape of a letter from Gilbert H. Montague, prominent corporation lawyer and counsel for the Electric Boat Company when it got into trouble with the Labor Board, to Colby M. Chester of the General Foods Corporation, formerly head of the NAM. The letter reads in part, "Judge Padway has now asked me confidentially to prepare for him draft amendments of the act covering the points on which he has now received instructions from the AFL executive

council." Judge Padway is Joseph A. Padway, counsel for the AFL. The letter also says that Montague had "supplied confidentially to Judge Padway various legal memos and data he requested regarding certain National Labor Relations Act questions, and during the AFL convention in Houston this month I responded to his hurry calls for additional legal memos and data." Padway, when asked by a United Press representative, declined to comment on the letter. The CIO says it has more documentary evidence to come.

We pause to note that this sensational news was not printed by The New York Times—at least not in the late city edition of May 9, the morning after the release.

Teachers' Union Politics

Some readers may have been puzzled by the controversy echoed in the pages of The New Republic about alleged Communist control in the College Teachers' Union. Both sides are agreed only on one point—that teachers are not excluded from membership for being Communists any more than for being Republicans or Democrats. Professor George W. Hartmann of Teachers' College, Columbia, has held that Communists should be excluded. His reason is his belief that by diligent attention to union business and by political astuteness they get into positions of power. Others assert that this charge is untrue, and in addition challenge the opposition to show that the union has adopted improper policies. Whatever the facts of the matter, it seems to us that Professor Hartmann has turned to the correct remedy for the evils he alleges by entering the elections of the College Teachers' Union with an opposition ticket. Anyone who is dissatisfied with the policies or officers of a union is much better engaged in trying to change them by democratic processes than in endeavoring to smear them in the public press. Appeal to the public becomes relevant if democratic processes are denied. We do hope, however, that Professor Hartmann and his associates will not nullify their professions of democracy by carrying out the implied threat to resign from the union if their election campaign should be unsuccessful.

Mr. Gannett Wins a Supporter

We have a letter, an expensively processed one, evidently a form letter sent to a large list, urging us to support Mr. Frank Gannett's National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government in preventing President Roosevelt and the New Deal from winning the 1940 elections. We have hitherto regarded Mr. Gannett as being one of the foremost anti-democratic forces in the United States; his campaigns have invariably been directed against progressive measures; he is associated with private utility interests; his propaganda has been full of misrepresentation. But we are always willing to reexamine our position. Therefore we

scrutinized this letter to see what additional weight it might carry. The author writes, "I have never exchanged a single word with Mr. Gannett on this subject, nor have I given him any information of my purpose." Who then, is the author, and who is paying for his campaign? He is Mr. Henry L. Stoddard. Consultation of records reveals that Mr. Stoddard was associated with The New York Evening Mail, and was involved in its sale to Mr. Edward A. Rumely, who bought it during the World War with money supplied by the German government. By a curious coincidence, Mr. Edward A. Rumely is also an ardent supporter of Mr. Gannett. No, we don't think the letter changes our opinion.

Red Indians in Brown Shirts

The German-American Bund's latest area of attempted conquest is the Indian reservation. The United States Bureau of Indian Affairs has been forced to keep close watch, the Los Angeles News Letter says, upon the activities of E. A. "Chief Red Cloud" Towner of Portland, Oregon, a lawyer, Bund member and leader in the Siletz Indian Tribe. The "Chief" has been traveling through the northwestern states and Canada, trying to mold Indians into good storm-troopers for use in any "future emergency." And in Washington, D. C., a Bund-connected bureau, known as the American Indian Federation, has been working with the same purpose in mind. Its head is Mrs. Alice Lee Jemison, whom the Indians know as "Pocahontas." All the Bund organizations in the United States, it is reported, plus the Silver Shirts and George Deatherage's American Nationalist Confederation, are helping Nazify the redskin. The German government has declared the Sioux tribe officially "Aryan," just in case there was any doubt. We have had no estimate of how successful the drive has been. Of course you can't count the Indian swastika as a Nazi victory; the prongs on the arms point the wrong way. There is no special reason why the Indians should feel particularly chummy towards the American Way. Life on the reservation has its drawbacks. But, on the other hand, the Indian should remember that the fence around his camp is not yet barbed wire.

"General" "Krivitsky"

Answers to our questions about General Krivitsky, whose Saturday Evening Post articles we commented on last week, were supplied by The New Masses in their issue of the same date. We asked if he had ever been in Spain, and if he had ever been a Russian general. The answers are "No" and "No." Neither has he ever talked with Stalin or Voroshilov. He is said to be an Austrian named Shmelka Ginsberg who has been living in Paris, and the name Krivitsky was first heard of when he began writing in the French press. The New Masses claims that his articles in The Saturday

Evening Post were ghost-written by Isaac Don Levine, a journalist who embarked on an anti-Soviet campaign in 1917 and has slogged away at it ever since. A few years ago he wrote a book to prove that Russia was almost completely lacking in natural resources. The Krivitsky articles would have looked much less imposing if the byline had been "Shmelka Ginsberg's story; as told to Isaac Don Levine." Assumed names are not necessarily damning or even particularly uncommon, especially among European Communists, but they have usually been assumed before the Revolution for purposes of discretion, whereas Ginsberg was apparently not known as "General Krivitsky" anywhere except in Paris.

Chungking Is Bombed

What was probably the worst air raid in all history took place May 3 and 4 at Chungking, the far western Chinese city that has lately served as Chiang Kai-shek's capital. Estimates of the dead as a result of the two days' bombing range from 3,000 to 10,000; no one knows how many were wounded. A great part of the city was destroyed by fire; even the system of air-raid sirens was itself smashed. Of 2,000,000 population, only 300,000 remained in the city; the others have straggled away on the roads leading west. There are reports, which have been denied, that the Chinese capital may be moved 175 miles still farther northwest to Chengtu. Like the air raids in Spain, these bombings have no military purpose that could in any way justify the tremendous suffering. The morale of the Chinese has not been broken; surrender is not imminent. What the raids do is to call attention to the savagery of the Japanese commanders, and to the comparative failure of their strategy as a whole, which causes them to lash out in such measures of reprisal against a foe whom they cannot defeat in the field.

The Virgin Islands Are Lucky

We are mildly surprised and more than mildly pleased to find one of the editors of this paper nominated for an important government post. Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, one of our editorial board for many years, has been named by President Roosevelt to be Government Secretary for the Virgin Islands. He will succeed in that position another well known American literary figure, a lifelong friend of his own, Robert Herrick. As was to be expected, the anti-New Deal press has raised a great outcry against Dr. Lovett. They accuse him of being a communist, which he is not, largely because he is affiliated with The New Republic, which they falsely describe as a communist paper. Bob Lovett needs neither introduction nor defense in these pages. We look forward to a long and successful administration of an attractive and impoverished group of islands that ought to be visited by more Americans from the mainland.

Here Come Their Majesties

The present and the former King of England have both been in the headlines. King George and Queen Elizabeth are about to pay a state visit to Canada of nearly a month, with three days in the United States tacked on. It is safe to say that the three days are ten times as important as the month. While His Majesty was on the ocean, his ex-Majesty fluttered the dove-cotes by broadcasting to the United States a speech in favor of peace. It was said he was seizing an opportunity to make himself again an important political figure; but if such was his purpose, his innocuous rendering of a few heartfelt platitudes can hardly have advanced his purpose very much. When the visit of the King and Queen was first announced, this paper opposed it on the ground that it would be used to make the world think an Anglo-American alliance had come into being. Since then, however, President Roosevelt has gone so far in the same direction that the royal visit cannot matter very much. We salute Their Majesties, and hope their feet won't get too tired at the World's Fair. Judging by what we have seen of them in the newsreels, they can take a lot of punishment.

News Notes of a Week

Riots in which nine miners were killed were reported to have taken place in the Saar area. They were put down by armed Storm Troopers and Hitler Youth. . . . A French decree ordered workmen receiving relief to accept employment in any part of the country, or be dropped from the relief rolls. . . . Anastasio Somoza, President and dictator of Nicaragua, visited the United States to improve trade relations and obtain aid for the development of his country. He wants us to build the much discussed Nicaragua canal.

On hearing of the proposal to bring refugee children from Germany, 2,500 American families have already volunteered to care for them, it was announced by Dr. Marion E. Kenworthy of the American Committee for Christian German refugees. . . . The Senate added \$383,484,959 to the Agriculture Department bill as passed by the House, raising it to \$1,218,603,572. Secretary Morgenthau pointed out that this change called for spending about \$372,000,000 more than was provided for in the budget, and suggested that Congress ought to think up the taxes to balance its own spendings. . . . Chiefs of the Seneca nation sent Governor Lehman of New York a declaration of independence from the laws of New York State. They declared the laws weren't applicable to them, since they are federal wards, and added "henceforth all such laws will discontinue to be recognized by the Tonawanda band of the Seneca nation." After nearly two hundred years the Indians are still boycotting our government, but who can blame them?

What Will Russia Do?

THE RESIGNATION of Maxim Litvinov as Foreign Commissar of the Soviet Union merely emphasizes what for months has been clear to all informed observers—that the key to any successful effort to check aggression by the Rome-Berlin Axis is a firm alliance, based on unequivocal policies, between Britain and France in the west and the Soviet Union in the east.

Litvinov's approach to the problem has for years been simple and unmistakable. It was he who on every possible occasion emphasized that "Peace is indivisible." It was he who always argued for genuine collective security in Europe. What these terms implied has been amply illustrated by history since he first began using them. Hitler's policy is the exact opposite, and it is Hitler's policy, not Litvinov's, that has prevailed. The results have been continual advance by Berlin and Rome, and a growing menace to world peace.

Hitler wants no general agreements or alliances. He wants to deal with a single situation and a single adversary at a time. As long as he keeps the way open to do this, he can gain a long series of limited objectives without war, because the adversary chosen cannot resist successfully without help, and those who might help either do not really wish to thwart Hitler or succumb to the fear of general hostilities. When Der Führer is charged with having disturbed the peace by this program, he replies that so far he has gained all his objectives without war, and that the real war-makers were those who urged armed resistance to his plans. When it is said, as it was by President Roosevelt, that a continuance of the policy may bring war, Hitler replies that he is willing to make a bilateral non-aggression treaty with any nation that wants one. This has always been his suggestion. It is the one that Litvinov always opposed. Why is this innocent-sounding scheme so dangerous to world peace?

Any nation signing a non-aggression pact with Germany promises not to make war on Germany, no matter what Germany does. This means that the nation in question cannot aid another nation which Germany attacks. A bilateral non-aggression pact, so long as it is observed, therefore makes impossible any participation in an alliance or a collective-security program. In exchange, the nation in question receives a promise from Germany of immunity from attack against itself. But Hitler can always find a reason for abrogating the pact whenever he wants to. By stirring up internal strife or by charging bad faith of some kind, he can assert that the next intended victim has released him from his promise. He recently did so in the case of Poland. These pacts are now being urged upon the Baltic states, upon the Scandinavian nations, and even, according to report, upon the Soviet Union itself. In so far as they

are accepted, they neutralize the signatory and throw difficulties in the way of building up any group of powers able or willing to stop the Nazi-Fascist advance.

The official explanation of Litvinov's resignation is ill health; this may be the whole truth. But many have asked whether his departure signalizes the end of his policy on the part of the Soviet Union, and acceptance by Moscow of Hitler's immediate program. This would be a reversal indeed. Litvinov was not a mere personal official, but represented the carefully considered stand of a whole regime. His argument has always been that no country was safe from aggression if all were not safe. In terms of national selfishness, this meant that it was necessary to stop Hitler before he became powerful enough to challenge the USSR. Russia counted upon the self-interest of France and Britain to lead them to apply the same logic to themselves. One can scarcely believe that the Soviet government has at this late date fallen for the Nazi argument against which it has for so long been warning others. Yet in view of the long series of failures in obtaining adherents to its policy, it may have decided that isolation is for the time being the only practical alternative.

The long supremacy of muddling and appeasement in London and Paris deprived the League of any power it might have had, presented Manchukuo to Japan, Ethiopia to Italy, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia to Germany, and Spain to the Axis. In a series of crises, the Soviet Union was effectively isolated. At the eleventh hour, Chamberlain began his ostensible policy of enlisting assistance against further German advance. But for some reason, the announced project of bringing Russia back has hung fire. It was said that Poland and Rumania did not want the Soviet's military help. It was said that Chamberlain looked askance on the project of a real defensive alliance, but wanted Moscow merely to offer unilateral guarantees, of the sort he had extended to Poland and Rumania. Whatever the difficulties, it is extremely likely that the Russian statesmen still suspect Chamberlain of being ready for more Munichs. They may readily have made up their minds that they will either have real collective security, and have it now, or they will have nothing. They have previously suspected Chamberlain and Bonnet of wanting to embroil them—alone—with Germany. But that is a game they may feel able to play in reverse, if worst comes to worst.

Hitler's recent Reichstag speech caused the appeasers in London to perk up again. They have been writing new letters to The Times pointing out that compromise is still possible. Danzig, say some of the editorials, is not worth fighting for. News reports indicate that if Hitler sends an ultimatum to Poland following Colonel Beck's unyielding speech, London will urge Poland to surrender. She probably will do so if aid from the USSR is not at hand. London and Warsaw, so far, seem to have prevented it from being at hand. A com-

plaisant mediator is ready in the Vatican. The Axis has apparently prepared to push its advantage by announcing that it has become a full military alliance. What will the Soviet Union do? What will she be allowed to do? The mysterious intricacies of European diplomacy still leave us speculating.

One thing is certain—the collective security that Americans have been exhorted so earnestly to embrace has never yet existed in Europe, where it must be applied if at all. It may never be born.

Scientists Look at Vitamins

THE GREAT VITAMIN FAD came in for examination by a group of scientists the other day. The American Institute of Nutrition, at its Toronto meeting, devoted a day to the question of supplementing one's diet by vitamins and minerals—a practice that has become suddenly and recently popular, on which it was said the American public now spends \$100,000,000 a year.

Extreme caution in regard to such expedients was the dominant note in the meeting. If we may judge by the report given by the able William L. Laurence of The New York Times, the kindest words for the vitaminizers were spoken by Professor Agnes Morgan of the University of California, who said:

The use of fortified foods and vitamin concentrates may be desirable in restricted diets and for certain diseases and unusual conditions. In digestive failures, lactation and possible pregnancy, alcoholism, diabetes, cardiac and renal diseases, reduction diets and for infants, fortification may be needed.

To combat in the general population the perverse use of vitamin-poor foods, such as sugar, white flour, polished rice, alcoholic and soft drinks, fortification of these foods may be desirable until the slow process of education relegates the demand for them to the background.

On the other hand, Dr. W. H. Sebrell of the United States Public Health Service referred to the addition of extra vitamins and minerals to foods, under the claim that this prevents vitamin and mineral-deficiency diseases, as "shotgun prophylaxis," wasteful, inefficient and possibly harmful. The symposium in general seemed agreed on the following points:

At least two vitamins are harmful when taken in excessive quantities—vitamin D, and nicotinic acid, which is part of the B-2 complex. (There was, however, general approval of the addition of vitamin D to milk for children threatened with rickets because of the lack of sunshine.)

The possibility of danger from overdosage of the other vitamins cannot as yet, in the present state of medical knowledge, be dismissed.

The first aim of food processors should be to keep the vitamin content of their products intact. If this is impossible, then they should seek only to restore the

normal amount of vitamins, and not to increase it to a point beyond nature.

Vitamins are being bought almost exclusively by the well-to-do, who need them least or not at all. The poor, who really require them, cannot afford to buy them. And even the well-to-do are having their food-stuffs made needlessly expensive.

Germans Against Hitler

GOOD NEWS about the opposition movement inside Germany comes with our friends arriving from Europe. Opposition to Hitler has increased, as is shown by the constant references to the need for "unity" among the German people in the recent speeches of Hitler and Goering; one does not call upon a people for unity unless there exists disunity, or the danger of it. There are 150,000 political prisoners in concentration camps and 350,000 Germans under jail sentences aggregating over a million years for political offenses. These figures are proof both that the opposition still exists and that it must work quietly.

The most important news is that the distribution of opposition literature, which declined through 1936 and 1937, has been tripled in the past year. Very recently, Roosevelt's appeal to the dictators was distributed in pamphlet form in twenty cities, as well as broadcast for several evenings by the mysterious Freedom radio station that still eludes the Gestapo. Other documents from abroad and comments on German affairs are smuggled in and passed around in innocent-looking disguises. As Storm Troopers are allowed to shoot on sight anyone they find distributing suspicious matter, the circulation of pamphlets—some of them in hundreds of thousands—is a courageous achievement.

In fact a new spirit of cold, lonely bravery has appeared among the people, perhaps attributable to the fact that they have lost their illusion of Hitler's early overthrow. A recent example is that of a film-cutter who was working on one of the food-propaganda pictures that have appeared since the increase in staple prices and the decrease of supplies. The film was about potatoes, how to make potato soup, how to cook potatoes with herring as a meat substitute and so on. As the next item the cutter spliced on scenes of the magnificent luxury of the new Berlin party palace. Though the picture was only shown in this form for one day, it was the talk of the city. The cutter was of course immediately arrested, as he had known he would be. Other incidents are known: that a Stuttgart building was blazoned one morning with "Hitler Is War" in letters that could be seen for miles; that many visitors come at night to Jewish homes for a few words of sympathy; that Catholic hospitals have stayed open and brightly lighted all night so that Jews might know

The opposition's main aims at present are to convince the bewildered German people that Hitler means war no matter how much he talks of peace, that he is a disgrace to Germany and that Germans who don't oppose him are disgracing themselves. Hitler's own propaganda, it is reported, has failed to convince the Germans that they are being "encircled," or that the world is accusing all the Germans of the crimes committed by the Nazis. Many families listen to the BBC, others to the Freedom station, and they are not persuaded that France, England and the United States are the aggressors. But the opposition believe there is real danger that Germany may be willing to follow Hitler into war if he can convince the people that ordinary French and British citizens have the same attitude toward Germany as former Premier André Tardieu of France. Tardieu wrote recently in his weekly, *Gringoire*, that the Versailles Treaty was too easy on Germany, and expressed hope that if another war came as a result of Hitler's policy "even harder conditions than the previous ones" would be imposed after Germany had been conquered. Such talk from abroad naturally strengthens Hitler's hand greatly at home.

Despite the fact that many observers think a general war would result in Hitler's overthrow, the German opposition sincerely desire peace, and not only for humane reasons. They believe there is a possibility that a war might produce exactly the result Tardieu hopes for. Germany might be crushed by another Versailles, her national feelings outraged, her territory split up and her economy ruined by treaty conditions. Certainly, they think, she would be bled white and badly defeated, and her people might feel again the reckless despair that caused them to follow Hitler. The greatest wish of the opposition is peace, even though they know their influence is growing but slowly compared to the immense forces they must defeat to free their country.

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Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

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HEYWOOD BROWN JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK
E. C. LINDEMAN JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
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E. G. WOOD

BYRON DEXTER

Advertising Manager

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After the New Deal

I: *The New Political Landscape*¹

THERE COME MOMENTS in the life of the nation when we are surprised by an awareness that the mental season has changed. Imperceptible passage of the days has brought to us new words, new hopes and new fears; those that lately seemed fresh have withered and fallen, to deepen the soil of history. At such a change of season we need something more than a continuance of the accustomed gradual shift in perception and response. The whole landscape is discovered anew; autumn has become winter, or winter spring; we are obliged to see it all together once more. The old frame of reference is irrelevant and must be made over. If this is not done, we shall be tricked by some assumption, once perhaps true but now without foundation in reality. We shall not know what to expect, or how to adjust our behavior to what is happening.

Such a change occurred when the New Era of prosperity had slid into the great depression—at a date which now can be fixed but then seemed far less definite and dramatic. Another shift of scene came when the depression blossomed into the New Deal. Now we shall awaken any day to the fact that the New Deal itself has vanished and we are again looking at an unfamiliar prospect, the parts of which fit together in a new way. I do not mean by this simply that Mr. Roosevelt's term of office is running out, or that opposition to his program has been increased in Congress. It is not probable that many of the New Deal measures will be repealed or even substantially amended. Nor can it be said that they will pass into forgetfulness without continuing to exert an important influence on our society. What will appear, however, is that they have been assimilated into the background; they are beginning to be taken for granted even by many of their traditional opponents. Our attention is now being demanded by a new situation, which is, to be sure, an outgrowth of the old, but presents a radically different perspective. The New Deal is over; the question now is, what next?

In recent months our eyes have been attracted more and more frequently outside the borders of the United States. First in Asia, then in Europe, we have watched the growth of political and cultural aggressions by militant nationalism, of hatreds directed against scapegoat minorities, of suppression of liberty, tolerance and scientific humanism, of war itself. As the black shadows have spread across the map of the world, we have read their

meaning as a threat to democracy. It is that, but it is more than that. It is an assault upon the whole complex of social ideals that we have cherished, upon the promise for mankind that we have always associated with the birth and destiny of this nation. The hostility that is aroused in us by this movement is not confined to surface interests and judgments; it reaches deep into the irrational sources whence our fundamental loyalties spring. We feel in our bones that here is a menace toward which we cannot but be antagonistic; no propaganda could be so effectual in turning us against it as the propaganda of the facts themselves. It has already become almost trite to observe that the center of attention is now the effort to preserve our form of living against the totalitarian menace.

This antagonism has long been latent in us, but until recently most of us have been content to take it lightly. The new movement was not only hateful but also ridiculous and must, we thought, become self-destructive before it became too dangerous. The boasts of the dictators that their systems had a monopoly of vigor and youth, while ours were decadent and must collapse, had sounded like the declamation of melodramatic actors in a bad play. But when Chamberlain strove to reach an accommodation with Hitler at Godesberg, came away with the expressed determination that Britain could not yield to Hitler's threats, and then, accompanied by Daladier, bowed at Munich to the same threats which he had so shortly before resisted, he delivered a shock to our faith in the survival value of democracy.

In so far as we in this country identified ourselves and our values with Britain and France in this crisis—and most of us did so—our latent hostility toward the totalitarian states became activated by fear. Our self-confidence was roughly shaken; outer menace was reinforced by a treacherous suspicion of inner weakness.

To say that we must be prepared to deal with this danger is easy enough; there is no gain in adding to the warnings and the expressions of indignation at what is going on abroad. But that is only a starting point. We shall have to know far more about the real nature of the threat and develop an effective program to deal with it if our words are to mean anything. It is a matter of course that we ought to be ready to fend off any possible aggression; that is only elementary prudence. But the task is not so simple as this. Britain, France and Czechoslovakia had been for years more than a military match for Germany and Italy on land and sea and in the air. I suspect that they still were so

¹ This is the first of three articles which consist of extracts from lectures delivered at Yale University in January, 1939, as the Storrs series. Under the general title, "The Economic Constitution of Democracy," the complete series will be published as a book by the Yale University Press.

1938. The essence of the matter does not lie in battleships, tanks and airplanes, necessary though they are. In order to discover where it lies, we must look inward as well as outward.

The reverberations of Munich will be heard for long to come. We still are unaware of all that it has done to us and to our outlook on the world. The first response was in a primitive direction, as response to raw emotional stimuli almost always is. We, who had for so long been struggling with impersonal and complicated difficulties like unemployment and depression, suddenly were confronted by an external enemy against whom we could canalize our aggression. It is always far easier to use one's energy in hating a foreign devil than in adjusting complex internal realities. And the bitterness of disputes within our national boundaries became subdued as the factions were drawn together by a common fear and a common enmity. We began to talk of creating a great navy, an armada of airplanes and a much enlarged army; we made preparations to train 20,000 aviators annually in our colleges. The in-group had found an out-group whom it could prepare to punish for its own frustrations and deprivations. And we attempted to include in the in-group all the American nations, which, though many of them are farther from us both in geography and in culture than the peoples of Europe, enjoy the inestimable advantage, in our present scheme of emotional values, of living in the same hemisphere and sharing the same name.

There is a subtle danger in this type of response—the danger that in the process of preparing to cope with our enemy we shall become like him. Defense by imitation is in reality no defense at all. Though we defeat him in overt warfare by growing as sharp teeth and claws as long and as tough a hide as his, he defeats our detestation of him by impelling us to become a larger version of himself. It is a commonplace that by imitation we grow like those for whom we have strong affection and reverence. But strong disaffection and scorn often constitute the reverse of the same emotional coin, and induce their own form of imitation—one which is doubly perilous both because we do not like to recognize it and because it leads to a less happy result.

The theory is not a mere academic abstraction; we can trace its operation precisely and in detail in a situation like the present.

How may we account for the German state of mind?

Men and women must suppress a good deal of natural aggression in order to live peaceably in a civilized society. The human animal has at bottom many ferocious traits. But the child is taught that expression of this ferocity brings unpleasant punishments.

Dr. John Dollard of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale, in his recent paper, "Hostility and Fear in Social Life," has well stated the scientific view of

this situation. He says, "Since renunciations are invariably imposed on the incoming animal, it develops also hostile attitudes toward these trainers and toward in-group members and symbols; these attitudes include animosity toward parents and siblings and a negative (as well as a positive) feeling-tone toward the mores, including religion and authoritarian institutions generally. . . . The hostility of an animal toward its in-group is a constant threat toward the solidarity of the group and therefore to the continuation of economic coöperation, common defensive operations, and the sharing of a common culture. Such hostility in the individual animal is therefore met with a united hostile front by all other members of the group and is, if necessary, forcibly suppressed. Techniques for accomplishing this suppression range from withdrawal of privilege to a disobedient child to the operations of the criminal law."

As Mr. Dollard further shows, a large part of this repressed aggression becomes, as the psychologists say, "displaced." It cannot be freely directed against members of one's own society, but those who are outside the society can be thought of as inferior, or even as enemies and devils in human form. Against the outsider we concentrate the hostility that we do not dare to feel against members of our own family or tribe.

But this hostility is not too intense, and does not lead to disastrous results, if we can also use a good deal of our aggression within our own group, in socially sanctioned forms. It can find relatively harmless or even constructive outlets in a reasonably well ordered society. It is employed in play, in laughter, in useful work, in the competition for power and distinction.

A people that is too much thwarted in these respects piles up explosive emotions. It divides and turns against itself; bitter quarrels grow. The government loses respect and authority. This was for a considerable time the situation in Germany. The nation had suffered defeat in war, revolution, burdensome and restrictive peace terms, inflation and depression. The people were for a long period frustrated by insecurity and lack of opportunity. The government could not seem to do anything effectual either abroad or at home. There were divided counsels, and a rapid increase of mutual hatred and violence between the extreme Left and the extreme Right.

But it is uncomfortable to hate one's own brothers and sisters. Such a society often finds a way to draw off the unused aggression by directing it against those outside the family, who are charged with responsibility for all its ills. Everyone who is in the way is assigned to an outside group. Even if he does not really belong there, a theory is elaborated by which the outside classification can be made to include him. In Germany their outsiders and scapegoats are called Jews, Communists and non-Aryans in general. They become the victims. Thus the society gains a comfortable feeling of unity without

leader and exalt its own tradition. Internal rifts disappear. But since real internal difficulties still exist, there remains the impulse to express aggression against outsiders in wider and wider circles. When one victim falls, another must be attacked.

It is easy enough to recognize this state of mind in Germany, more difficult to discover the same tendencies at home. Fortunately we have not yet become too much like our enemy; but the operation of the same mechanisms may be observed. We also had been struggling with lack of opportunity to work and play, with a general frustration. We had fallen to quarreling bitterly among ourselves. Our rulers were not only extravagantly loved but extravagantly hated. There was a growing prejudice against outsiders—Jews, Communists, foreign immigrants of all kinds. Among certain circles, many persons, because they were in the way or held unpopular opinions, had to be made into outsiders, and were falsely called Jews or Communists. There was a well established longing to externalize our aggression. At length Hitler was kind enough to provide a focus for these feelings. In the outburst of anger which we enjoyed after Munich, we felt a sudden relief in unity, a sense that, after all, we belonged to the same family. American traditions were exalted and we prepared to fight the foreigner. But it was significant that at the very moment when we became most angry at the Nazis for their brutalities toward the Jews, there developed an opposition to relaxing the immigration laws for the benefit of the refugees. Anti-Semitism was felt to be actually increasing here. We wanted to punish Hitler much more than we wanted to succor his victims.

From like motives, like actions grow. The German economy has been mobilized about a huge armament program; this absorbs the surplus labor and provides a market for all available material. Productive industry is completely subordinate to it. We hear the same program urged here, both in order to provide weapons against our enemies and to increase production and employment. It is possible to gain adherence for almost unlimited governmental expenditure on defense, and to include the needs of our whole economy under this head, whereas it is difficult to obtain political support for adequate government spending on relief, housing, conservation and other enterprises useful in peace. Our shipyards are already busy and will soon become strained beyond capacity; our aircraft factories must be immensely expanded; under the National Defense Act of 1920 a program of industrial mobilization has been prepared and has been explained to industrial managements, which will give many of them enormous orders the moment war breaks out. Then we, too, shall have a totalitarian economy geared to the war machine. These plans have been drawn up with the intention of supplying an army of millions, which would be completely superfluous for protection of ourselves, our possessions,

or even the rest of the Americas against invasion, but which could be required only for a war on some other continent.

It is clear that if we follow this course because of our anger against totalitarianism we shall have done as much as the American character permits to become totalitarian ourselves.

Let us once more be clear about the necessity for military defense. To be adequately prepared against a surprise attack is an elementary precaution. But we do not need an armada of 13,000 war planes, with the complement of some 150,000 men that would be necessary to operate and serve them, when no potential enemy has bombers capable of crossing the ocean with a military load and returning, or airplane carriers enough to launch more than a few hundred fighting craft against us. We do not need an army of a million or two million soldiers, or the supplies and equipment for such an army. Programs of this kind do not spring from the cool calculations of military experts entrusted with the duty of preparing plans to defend this nation—or this continent—from possible attack by the enemies of democracy. They spring rather from a subjective need to find an outlet for our frustrated aggression.

A sensible naval and military program, based on our real needs for defense, would not involve the expenditure of enough money to end unemployment or to bring general prosperity.

If we let loose our whole energy in hating the foreign enemy and preparing to defeat him on the field of battle, we shall overlook the more subtle but equally real danger of becoming like him ourselves. We shall fail to take the necessary steps at home to preserve and fulfil the democracy we are so eager to fight for. It is easier to be willing to die for a cause than to understand it and to live well for it.

Let us remind ourselves that during the spread of dictatorship of the Fascist type over a good part of the world, not a single nation that has succumbed to it or has even been seriously menaced by it was compelled to change the nature of its society through conquest by foreign warfare. Italy went Fascist as a result of internal forces. By a similar process Germany went Nazi. Japan was not compelled to move in the totalitarian direction by an invading army. Austria surrendered democracy long before the Anschluss, and she finally toppled without the striking of a blow. Spanish fascism originated and grew strong because of the betrayal of constitutional government by Spaniards themselves. Hungary swung into the German orbit of her own accord; Poland, though she is not yet a wholly totalitarian state, has long been ruled by a dictatorship that uses anti-Semitism and opposition to socialism as its chief political bulwark. Even Czecho-Slovakia, which succumbed to a military threat, was not actually conquered in a fight, and since her betrayal has adopted

the totalitarian customs with surprising ease. When France surrendered at Munich she was being ruled by decree, and almost the first action of her Premier thereafter was to break with the more democratic forces and invite a conflict with labor in both the industrial and the political fields, on the pretext that defense against the foreign enemy demanded his action.

The British Tories who supported Neville Chamberlain in his policy of so-called appeasement are intensely anti-democratic; his collaboration with Hitler and Mussolini was not prevented by the fact that he came to power on the back of a huge armament program supposed to be directed against the German threat. The ruling powers in both France and Britain have, in spite of apparent considerations of national security, consistently sabotaged the defense of democracy in Spain. Rumania, though she is now oriented against Germany, has become totalitarian in her internal affairs. The numerous Latin American dictatorships were not of German or Italian origin. Only a few hundred miles from New York there rules today a virtually fascist government in the Province of Quebec; yet Quebec has not been conquered by Brownshirts or threatened by bombers from Berlin. If all that had been necessary to stop the dictators from exerting influence in the rest of the

world had been ability to defeat them in war, they would long ago have been rendered harmless. High explosives and poison gas did not cause the growth of the Fascist regimes, and will not suffice to prevent their further growth.

Defense against totalitarian enemies merely by hating or fighting them is a regressive process; it is a concealed imitation of the enemy. Here lies the real peril with which we have to deal. If we do not recognize this peril and act intelligently about it, the totalitarian states can without firing a shot bring about the disintegration of modern civilization, just as a criminal act which releases fear and anger can by its contagion make a cruel mob out of an assemblage of good husbands and kind fathers.

The only way to deal with it is to remobilize our psychic and material energies about the tasks of internal creation, thus recalling them from the easy channels of escape into a more primitive mold of life. A well ordered economy would be a bulwark against what we fear.

What must we do to be sound and strong at home? That is the first question we must ask, and answer, if we are to be secure against the fatal epidemic which is now raging in the world.

GEORGE SOULE

We Saw Democracy Fail

WHEN MADRID FELL a lot of other things fell with it. Or, more accurately, Madrid fell *because* other things fell first. By things I mean specifically us. By fell I mean failed. We did not raise our embargo. The French did not open their frontier. The British—well, apart from everything else they did not do, the British did not even protect their own ships. The majority of the people wanted these things to happen and they did not happen. Democracy did not work and we should feel frightened at this record of its impotence, for we have not much time left to mend fences.

I am aware that we do not have government by Gallup Poll; that is, a direct democracy. But what we do, or are supposed to have is a government responsible to the majority. What we got in the Spanish war was government responding to the organized pressure of a minority. Contrary to national interests, to the wisest counsels, to the sympathies of the people, a powerful and demonstrably effective opposition, but none the less a distinct minority, had its way.

So let those cheery citizens who are waving the democratic flag these days and tumbling over each other into print with books and plays on how wonderful democracy is and how wonderful America is and how

democrats, take time off and stop and look us over. Personally I don't think we are so hot.

The writer, for the last year and a half, has been concerned with the less heroic aspects of the Spanish war—four months in France, eight months in England and six months here. In France it was a clear issue from the start. The electoral victory of the Front Populaire in the spring of 1936 followed on the heels of the Frente Popular victory in Spain. It was a brave new world for both and when one was attacked the other knew what to think. Which makes it all the more paradoxical that it was the French Front Populaire at the peak of its prestige which succumbed to the Non-Intervention (it's-all-done-with-mirrors) policy.

As soon as Non-Intervention was shown up for the cruel farce it was, the cry *Avions pour l'Espagne!* was raised. It began at a meeting of 50,000 in Paris on August 26 and never died down thereafter. Ten thousand French volunteers went to fight in the International Brigade. The CGT raised millions of francs for Spanish relief. When they closed the frontier the second time in July, 1938, because, it was explained, it would be indelicate to keep it open while Their Britannic Majesties were visiting Paris (why? would they feel a draught?), the chant *Ouvrez la frontière!* sounded all through France. Support even came from Catholic

quarters like the National Catholic Committee for Aid to the Basques and Children of Catalonia headed by Cardinal Verdier, the Catholic paper *L'Aube* and men of such international reputation as Jacques Maritain, François Mauriac and Georges Bernanos, who were outspokenly anti-Franco. (French Catholicism, closer to the war than American, was more aware of its true implications for religion.) Even after the triumph of "les Munichois," 318 deputies, a majority of the Chamber, signed a manifesto last January demanding the withdrawal of Franco's foreign troops and implying that a Franco victory was a defeat for France.

The pro-Franco sentiment was a loud voice in a little body. It came from the parties of the Right, from the Lavals, Tardieus and Flandins, from de la Rocque and Doriot, from Maurras and Daudet of the Action Française, from the Chiappes and Bailbys of papers like *Gringoire* which hounded Salengro to suicide, from the *Deux Cents Familles* and the *Mur d'Argent*. Finally from M. Bonnet, who wore the colors of the Front Populaire but rode for another owner. When in April, 1938, Bonnet became Foreign Minister in Daladier's all-Radical Cabinet, the French government ceased to be either a front or popular.

And what happened? Despite the natural predilections of the government, at least during the first year, and of the people from the first day to the last, despite the most elementary considerations of strategy, despite even the advice of the General Staff, France not only failed to support her neighboring popular-front government but, in the second week of the war, when German and Italian intervention was clear, deprived that government of its legitimate means of self-defense. The Munich mentality of a minority won before Munich was dreamt of.

Take England. Certainly the majority of Englishmen wanted the Spanish government to win. The Labor Party and the Trade Union Congress, who had given Non-Intervention their tacit support at the start, realized their mistake and officially asked for its abandonment on October 28, 1936. After that the popular demand never let up. Last spring there were meetings for Spain almost every Sunday in Trafalgar Square and the May Day parade was a vast demonstration for Spain. Church leaders spoke up (the Dean of Canterbury led a delegation to Guernica), as did the intellectuals (more so than the French), and even from the City a lone voice, *The Financial News*, made itself heard. In November, 1938, *The News-Chronicle's* survey of public opinion reported 58 percent pro-Loyalist, 8 percent pro-Franco and 34 percent indifferent. Even the inventor of Non-Intervention, Mr. Eden, who, after meeting Negrín in Geneva, said, "Good God, the fellow's a gentleman!" had to part company with the Chamberlain government on the Spanish issue and ultimately admitted in New York that the second world war began on July 18, 1936.

Yet Franco is in Madrid today through the connivance of the British government, representing, not the British people or British interests, but the Cliveden Set, which does not mean the people who go to Cliveden for the week-end; the Rio Tinto shareholders and the City as a whole; the Service Clubs and all the Colonel Blimps; Lord Rothermere and his *Daily Mail*, who reduced the nomenclature problem which so troubled the rest of the press to the divine simplicity of Reds and anti-Reds; the Catholics, one-twentieth of the population; and finally the trinity of Chamberlain, Simon and Hoare. In the face of all that was best in British tradition this lot kept Lord Plymouth sitting on the Non-Intervention Committee hatching out one rotten egg after another and allowed the bones of British ships and seamen to whiten the bottom of the Mediterranean, with Mr. Chamberlain's "It is not a nice thing . . ." for their epitaph. That was not what the British people wanted but that was what they got.

And what shall we say for ourselves? In the early months stories from hysterical tourists who had had their cars requisitioned were enough to make of the Spanish government "reds" and "rabble." Judging by the number of nuns raped daily in *The New York Journal-American*, Franco ought to have won in a week because the Loyalists must have been too busy to fight. Time obligingly adopted General Mola's suggestion to call the Rebels "Whites." Although we got off to a bad start, by February, 1937, the Gallup Poll reported 65 percent pro-Loyalist and by the end of 1938, 76 percent.

But unperceived by the public our government committed us to the Non-Interveners in the first days of the war. On August 11, 1936, Acting Secretary of State Philips announced that the United States would "scrupulously" maintain its "well established policy of non-interference" and urged American citizens to do likewise. This was clearly an invitation to American arms manufacturers to refrain from selling arms to either side in Spain (backed up later by official warnings to that effect from the government) in spite of the fact that no state of war was then held by us to exist. As such it was a reversal of our traditional policy. Later the State Department, obedient to a tug from the London end of the apron strings, devised the embargo and foisted it on Congress in January, 1937. Defenders of the embargo, when they came under fire afterward, could only respond by yelling "Neutrality!" till they were hoarse. But though the embargo was incorporated in the Neutrality Act in May, 1937, it was in its origins and workings as unneutral as possible and in its implications a danger to our national interest.

This was recognized by the wisest heads, the best and most responsible elements in public affairs. Ex-Secretary of State Stimson wanted the embargo raised and said so as publicly and firmly as possible. The President wanted it raised, saying, "I think it is a mistake to maintain the embargo."

blunder" and publicly, in his last Message to Congress, that our Neutrality Act may "give aid to an aggressor and deny it to the victim" and that "we ought not to let that happen any more." Last spring, when it was touch and go, the press agreed that it should be raised.

And the people wanted it raised. Of the 167,000 telegrams to Washington on the embargo issue, less than 16,000 (according to *The New York Herald Tribune* of March 29), in spite of Father Coughlin's valiant efforts, asked that it be kept.

But the embargo was not raised. Who kept it on? Recently *The Christian Science Monitor* concluded that "One consideration and one only prevented that action. That consideration was the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy." But there were also London and Mr. Bullitt and the State Department boys who last May convinced the President that the Spanish war was over and that it was too late. I have often thought, too, that the President should take more blame than anyone has openly dared give him. The head of a state who does not rectify a "tragic blunder" when he may, has something to answer for. And Mr. Roosevelt, especially after Colonel Stimson's letter, could have done it by executive proclamation.

His opposition was strong, but not strong enough to explain its effectiveness. It consisted of the Catholic Church, which boasted last fall that it preached "keep the embargo" from the pulpit (what else it did would take a book to tell), plus the State Department, includ-

ing Ambassador Kennedy, who literally told Chamberlain that the American people and their President wanted Franco to win, plus certain American business interests in Spain, plus the Hearst press, plus one Merwin K. Hart, president of the American Union for Nationalist Spain, who says the New Deal was imported from Moscow and who invites Fritz Kuhn and Martin Dies to lunch, plus Father Coughlin, plus two doddering ex-ambassadors to Spain who had been entertained by King Alfonso and never got over it.

If a collection like that can defeat all of us from the President down, then it is high time we woke up to our own weakness. All this complacency about the "American Way" and "Democracy Works" is a bit ill timed. Just because we have two oceans and a constitution, people think we are impervious to the ills of Europe. But America is not so different from France or England; it is just a little behind. And look at them. France has government by decree and England has Mr. Chamberlain.

If we are to find a remedy, the first step is to become aware of our failure. The second step is to examine all the factors that made possible the successful functioning of the minority. We must mark the aces in their hand. Then we can act accordingly, and if it means some revisions in present democratic methods, then we must make up our minds to that before democratic methods disappear altogether.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

Gone Tomorrow

THE New York World's Fair is not much good. Last Christmas, I remember, *The New Republic* carried an article about "The World of Tomorrow"—at a time, mind you, when the bone-structure of the Perisphere was just being finished—filled with cheery optimism and friendliness. This fair, it said, would be different. Its commercialism was going to be counterbalanced by a lot of exciting democratic propaganda surrounding the central idea: What will the United States be like tomorrow if we manage to employ all our technical skills to their full advantage? Architects, engineers, housing experts, social scientists and industrial designers were reported to be pooling their special knowledge and preparing to answer that question in lively visual form.

I am sorry to say, flatly, that the guy who wrote that article was sucked in by Mr. Whalen's publicity department.

Begin with the Good.—Some exhibits are wonderful. General Motors' "Highways and Horizons" certainly leads all the rest, with a fifteen-minute ride on a move-

control and city planning in 1960. You ride along in comfortable Pullman seats (each pair equipped with a personal loudspeaker commentary) looking down on country and mountains criss-crossed with hundred-mile-an-hour express highways, past lakes and rivers, steel foundries and amusement parks, until off in the distance, forty miles across the valley, the city of the future comes into sight. Then a gradual series of close-ups, showing the various levels for trucks, pleasure cars and pedestrians, a brief examination of the logical division into business, entertainment and residential areas, with a maximum of light and air and public park, and a very close close-up of a single intersection. Suddenly the ride ends, the guard helps you to your feet, and there you are walking along the elevated sidewalk in a life-size model of that very intersection, complete with shops, theatres and show rooms. The streets of 1960, unfortunately, are filled with General Motors trucks and cars, definitely of 1939 vintage.

General Electric's Steinmetz Hall has a good show, "Man-Made Lightning," and it scared the pants off me. The room looks like the laboratory where Frank-

mous generators and a clutter of condensers, switches and transmission lines. The men in the little control room toss 10,000,000-volt shots around, each one accompanied by a terrific clap of thunder, and talk alarmist talk all the time through the public-address system about uncertain conditions, lightning's uncontrollability and how close you are to destruction. If the engineers are going to pull off that revolt, I want to be on the side of the boys in the Steinmetz Hall control room.

Twenty-seven Eastern railroad companies, coöperating on the "Railroads on Parade" exhibit in the Fair's biggest pavilion, have done their level best to dull the appeal of trains for man and boy. The forty-minute pageant, which takes place in an amphitheatre combining the features of the Radio City Music Hall stage with the Pennsylvania switchyards, takes you from the tea kettle to the latest Diesel streamliner. Between trains there are show girls and a hysterical dance group, leaping and posturing to represent the march of railroad progress. In the same building a model railroad system shows that trains are on hand, bringing us things and taking us places, twenty-four hours a day. They are still having difficulty making the damned little things run, but the commentator at the microphone takes no account of the trouble he sees. "Far in the distance at the extreme left," he says, "the crack flyer roars out into the night, a veritable hotel on wheels, with its passengers dining or playing a quiet game of bridge. . . ." Whereas in fact George, the mechanic who apparently lives underneath the model, has popped up out of the model factory with a switching engine under his arm, and is swishing around in the toy lake where the "crack flyer" just fell in.

Architecture, Sore Feet and Free Johns. — The Fair's architecture as a whole is fine—gay, fantastic and colorful. At night, with the complete change the tricky lighting effects bring, it is even better. The architects and muralists were all right. The trouble began when the commercial sponsors started to fill the buildings. The Fair's layout, approximately a spoked wheel with the Trylon and Perisphere as its hub, is good too. You can always tell where you are, because the theme center towers above everything, there are lots of signs, and each radiating avenue has been assigned its own color. To say nothing of the multitude of polite, uniformed guides who know all the answers.

But the Fair occupies 1,216½ acres (official statistic). It's a brisk afternoon's walk from the Railroad building to the official parking lot (50 cents) or to the IRT-BMT subway station. The network of intramural buses reaches all zones, and within them are tractor-trains and roller chairs, but you have to stand and wait for the buses and trains even if you know where you want to go. The roller-chairs at roughly \$2 an hour are prohibitively expensive, and the pusher gets only a minor fraction of the fare.

There have been lots of complaints about the food. Not enough of it and too expensive, they say. Both things are true temporarily, but I understand that shortly the difficulty will be adjusted; that the restaurant system will be equipped to serve 43,000 people at a time, that prices will be lowered and that hundreds of additional stand-up stands will open. The rumor that there are no free Johns is also unfounded. Out of 4,500, nearly 3,000 are on the house.

Anybody Here Seen Tomorrow? — If I hadn't read that New Republic article, I'd never have known that the main idea is to praise democracy's potentialities. The seven "focal exhibits" designed to carry the brunt of the serious message are still largely unfinished. Even when they are done they will show, not the democracy of tomorrow, but a salesman's dream of democracy today. Take the Community Interests Focal, for example. You enter a big circular hall. On the wall are scenes explaining how man, since 1789, has been relieved from many chores by the invention of household gadgets. So you turn the corner, expecting to find a far-sighted prediction of what your kitchen might be like ten years from now, and what do you get? Vacuum cleaners, washing machines, linoleum and Venetian blinds, all very much of today and on sale in the basement of your nearest department store.

I went into the duPont Hall of Science with the special intention of examining Nylon, the new synthetic silk the laboratories have perfected. It is reported to be better in all respects and potentially cheaper than the real thing. But the duPont exhibit, designed to show how far its chemists are looking into the future, doesn't say a word about Nylon. The factories are just being built, the handsome young chemist explained to me. "We naturally don't want to create the demand before the product is on the market."

Upton Sinclair, who wrote "The Jungle," ought to see the Swift exhibit. It shows how bacon is packed. In a sunken glass cage, all light and chromium and white enamel, about a dozen pretty girls sit beside a slow belt line. Strips of bacon appear from the depths of a white refrigerator (not a sign of pig anywhere). The first pretty girl, wearing surgeon's rubber gloves and using stainless-steel tweezers, measures the bacon out into even little heaps. The other pretty girls weigh and trim and wrap it in cellophane, and never a single pretty hand touches the product. I stood there a long time, thinking of Sinclair's description of the Chicago slaughter-house and secretly hoping that a pig-sticker's thumb would appear on the belt, moving quietly along.

At the Bell Telephone building they raffle off five free telephone calls every half-hour. You can phone anybody anywhere in the United States if you hold a lucky number. And 150 strangers, with earphones, listen in to your call. The exhibit is a smash hit. Never before has the old game of listening in on the party line

been so uninhibited. There's a good story, probably untrue, about this particular show. The operator, when she rings your party, says, "This is the Telephone Company. Mr. Visitor is calling you from the New York World's Fair. There are other people listening. Go ahead, please." The call is supposed to have been to a man in Seattle. After a minute a tired voice answered,

"Tompkins speaking."

"Mr. Tompkins, this is the Telephone Company. . . ."

"All right, all right. I'll pay your damned bill. I'll send you a check in the morning." And the receiver banged down.

One Ball for a Quarter.—Most Fair visitors head first for the display of Democracy inside the Perisphere, because it's had such an enormous amount of advance publicity. It costs 25 cents a head. (That is the usual price of admission in the amusement loop. Most exhibits in the Fair proper, however, are free.) You ride up on escalators to about the belly of the ball and there step off onto a slowly revolving platform. Below you, in the bottom of the sphere, is a big model of the "city of tomorrow," not quite so good as the Geddes model in the free GM building a few hundred yards away. As you revolve the lights turn on and off simulating the passage of twenty-four hours, inspirational music tumbles down from above, and H. V. Kaltenborn's voice booms out an explanation. That's all.

The contemporary American art exhibit contains 1,214 pictures and statues. Each artist has one piece, not always his best, and the gallery is built like a Tunnel of Love. It must be 400 yards long, zigzagging right and left, with no escape until the bitter end. International Business Machines, in another building, sponsors an exhibition of Modern European Art. This marks the nadir of the Fair's commercial stupidity. The pictures are good enough, but the corridors are packed with business machines, wonderful in themselves, but only infuriating to the art-lover who must stumble over an addressograph to get to a landscape.

The Town of Tomorrow was another idea that looked swell on paper. They were going to build a model greenbelt town, full size, of about fifteen homes. So apparently they said to fifteen architects, simply, "Build us a small house." And now there they stand, a motley of styles and periods including Colonial, neat as pins and looking precisely like part of the less fashionable section of Bronxville.

Diplomacy and Amusement.—The exhibits of foreign nations, clustered around the parade ground hopefully called "Court of Peace," make no pretense of concern about the lot of man at tomorrow's dawn (except, possibly, the pavilion of the USSR). Their purpose is to make friends with the United States. Possibly some nations have mistaken Grover Whalen for a

government official. Great Britain's colossal structure, filled with heraldry and mercantile routes, tries to explain that England is at heart our sister democracy by tracing George Washington's family tree back to the signers of the Magna Charta. The Belgian museum reminds us that we are famous for helping the innocent victims of aggressive nationalism and Japan points out that she has a lovely volcanic mountain, Fujiyama. Off in a far corner, behind Italy and Great Britain but comfortably close to the Boy Scout camp, the League of Nations has a small building.

Along about May 15 the amusement zone will have its official opening. Most of it will be finished by June 1. The few fun palaces that are now open for business are very much like fun palaces the world around. With the exception of Amazons, which is like Sally Rand's Ranch at San Francisco—semi-nudes in action behind glass. Twenty-two of John Powers' several thousand models go through the Barnard Greek games (javelin-throwing, chariot-racing and gladiatorial combat *en masse*) embarrassed more by the silliness of their antics than by the slightness of their costumes. There must be something wrong with Amazons as a sex show. The audience just stands and laughs.

Lots of ballyhoo accompanied the formation of the Fair's own board of censorship, but the bluenoses have so far done very little work. Maybe they will get busy after the midway is officially declared open. I think it is more likely that the self-censor board will carry on a friendly dog-fight all summer, keeping up the public's interest with tiny sporadic raids.

Oops, Sorry!—Mr. Whalen's Flushing fantasia had magnificent possibilities, lots of money and plenty of brains. A sincere effort to predict life tomorrow, if somehow we could arrange politically and economically to give the technicians free rein, would have been worth going a long way to see. This fair represents a total investment of around \$160,000,000. It is easily worth the 75 cents you have to pay to see it.

Besides the shows I've described (and possibly several that are not yet open) the recommended list includes Jack Lynch, the Goodrich "devil driver," Chrysler's three-dimensional movie, the ride on the Ford spiral motorway, the Glass building, the Swedish restaurant, the Borden rotolactor, the "Children's World" in the amusement zone, Eleanor Holm, the electrical farm, General Cigar's room where you can sit and watch an illuminated news-ticker, the life-size oil well outside the Petroleum building, television displays in the RCA and GE buildings, the Westinghouse robot, the aviation-industry building, the fountain-music-pyrotechnic display in the Lagoon of Nations, Merrie England and the Childs hotdogs.

Otherwise, I imagine that Fair site will make a lovely park when the salesrooms are cleared away.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Ike and Mike on the Air

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS nowadays are filled with articles saying that television has at last come to America. But has it?

Technically, to be sure, it has. On April 30 when the New York World's Fair opened, formal "telecasting" also began, with the speeches of Grover Whalen and President Roosevelt. Yet the television industry is still tiny, compared with that brisk giant, the radio.

It is useless for you to buy a set this year unless you live in New York or Los Angeles. Experimental broadcasts are going on in San Francisco, Chicago and Philadelphia, but they would not justify the ordinary citizen paying money for a set. Even in New York, you should not buy one unless you live within about fifty miles of the Empire State Building and preferably within sight of its tower. Television waves at present do not ordinarily operate farther than a man can see.

If your home is in or near Manhattan, you can buy any one of several television sets, at prices ranging upward from \$150 to about \$1,000. The cheapest sets produce an image about the size of a postcard, and the more expensive ones show pictures 8 x 10 inches. In addition there is an installation fee of \$50.

Assuming that you have a receiver and it works, what can you get? At present, the National Broadcasting Company is telecasting about thirty hours a week, but most of this consists of running off old commercial motion-picture film, advertising various people's products. It is run, not as advertising (the Federal Communications Commission has not licensed television advertising as yet) but in order to permit dealers to demonstrate television sets they are trying to sell. Otherwise, there is an evening program an hour long, twice a week; an afternoon news event, and a few current motion pictures.

How good is reception? About as satisfactory, on the whole, as the early days of the movies. Fading and distortion still take place quite frequently; all sorts of things can and do go wrong when "live" shows are being televised. Color values are tricky.

Some people think television is going to play an important part in the theatre. Confident predictions are made that every movie house will soon have a television screen and that when important events take place the film will be stopped and television turned on. No one yet knows, however, whether the Federal Communications Commission will authorize such procedure, which is prohibited by today's laws.

A few special uses for television are of great importance. By scanning the infra-red rays, the camera eye can see where the human one cannot, through smoke, fog and even darkness. We may find television equipment in airplanes, which will thus be able, both in peace and war, to fly under conditions hitherto considered

impossible. Steamers may use the device to do away with the deadliest enemy of navigation, fog.

When we come to the future, we are up against a stone wall. No one knows what shape television will assume. Will it be supported by advertising? Presumably it will, but in that case what form will this advertising take? The manufacturer of soap or breakfast food who now presents an hour of entertainment on a national radio hookup will find that television is enormously more expensive and more difficult. At present, the audience is almost lacking; there are only a few hundred sets in the whole country, most of them being used by the televisers for experimental purposes. When the audience finally is created, there can be for the broadcaster no more standing by a microphone and reading a script. A television show will be like a Broadway theatrical production, but far more complicated, because of technical limitations. It is doubtful whether the audience will tolerate the blatant sales talk now heard.

Other possibilities are almost boundless. No one can say what television may ultimately do to political life, to education, to commercial sport. The campaign orator, who has already found the radio microphone such a trial, is in for an even worse ordeal when he faces the television camera. What will become of the vast paying audience that now goes to football games and prize-fights, when they can see the same events by the fire-side, by turning a switch? The public will have one advantage in seeing news events, in that they cannot be edited or changed. In a country like Germany, of course, this means that only a limited range of subjects will be televised. Doubtless there will be great quantities of propaganda on the television screen, Hitler and his cheering audience, and so on. At the same time, the television spectators, sitting in their homes by ones and twos, will be somewhat immune to crowd hysteria and may necessitate a rational appeal.

A fascinating subject for speculation is the ultimate effect of television on the present form of radio. When television exists on a national scale, with stations either linked by coaxial cable or by radio relay transmitters, will the iconoscope (camera-eye) do away with the microphone—or in the jargon of the business, will Ike do away with Mike? At first glance, the answer would seem to be Yes, as though everyone must prefer sight and sound combined to sound alone. But this is not necessarily true. Today, in millions of homes, the radio is turned on all day long while the housewife goes about her daily tasks. But television requires that the spectator sit still and look; he can't combine it with other occupations. If you are a work-ingman, tired after a hard day, would you rather lie down and listen to a radio program of your favorite music, or sit up straight and watch a television performance of a few vaudeville acts? The reader is just as well entitled to reply to these questions as anyone else. It is all in the lap of the gods.

DANIEL J. LANG

Shoot the Works

"Wham!" and "Pow!"

IF THE YOUNGER GENERATION is in almost every respect an improvement over the generations that have gone before (which will hardly be denied by anyone) there must be a reason. There is less feeling of inferiority and more gallantry of spirit. And that is curious, since these young ones face a world even more forbidding than usual.

What factor has stilled their forebodings? I think the explanation may lie in the fact that they have been for the most part brought up on the comic strip or, if you like, "the funnies." Neither name is in any sense accurately descriptive. Only a few of the daily pictorial chronologies make any pretense of being humorous in recent years. They tell of love and hate, magic and adventure, pseudo-science and the fact that the dog is man's best friend.

These strips, whether we like it or not, constitute the proletarian novels of America. They are scanned by millions. To those who cannot read the long words of literature the comic strip is extremely valuable. To those who cannot read any it is indispensable. In America a vast audience exists for which the movies are much too highbrow.

Five of the bright blossoms grow where there was only one before. The comics of my childhood were but a thin stream. Neither in volume or violence was there anything like the raging torrent which flows today. It is my recollection that I came into contact with the emancipated characters of the funny sections only on Sunday. The thought of joys to come buoyed me up while I sat in the family pew and listened to the dull sermons of Bishop Manning, who was then only a rector. To be sure, this observation is less than fair to the Bishop. I was but a stripling and my mind was still insufficiently mature to meet his thought halfway. And so I made small attempt to grasp his arguments but sat instead day-dreaming and warm in the glowing feeling that when he was done I could hurry home and curl up with Foxy Grandpa and the Yellow Kid.

The daily strip did not come into being until many years later. For six days in every week I lived wholly on the moral precepts set down by my school teachers. Their admonitions, as I recall, were sound and worthy of respect, but they were based largely on a sense of fear. The world was filled with a number of things in the face of which even a sturdy child had a right to tremble.

The indestructibility of human fiber was a conception which never came to me. Born before my time, I failed to get the full inspiration of the comic strip in which the race is always to the gallant and a hero never meets with a reverse save as a passing phase in his journey to eventual triumph. Who would not be a hero if he believed that the race was fixed and no villain could prevail against him?

I needed more stimulation than could be pumped into me just by a full-page Sunday spread. A few years later I might have had Mutt and Jeff every day. Again and again, as I recall that series when it was in its heyday, Mutt would receive at least a dozen bricks full upon the top of his head.

pain by adding some such words as "wham!" or "pow!" to the picture. But obviously Mutt was never vitally injured even though the missiles were dropped from some high altitude by Jeff in a dirigible. Within twenty-four hours, Mutt, as good as new, would be found sinking for the third time in forty fathoms of water. This would be indicated by bubbles and I think the symbolic word was "glumph!"

"Nix, Jeff!" was the traditional plea, but of course sometimes the appeal might be reversed. But no matter how unfortunate the fate of either character, the reader knew full well that nothing permanently tragic would occur. This formula has been changed a little in more recent years. I think that death has come, though rarely, to the comic strip. Naturally the grim reaper never dares to touch any of the more important characters.

But of the pioneers in the field of gentle sadism I assume that no one took more punishment than the Captain who was associated with the Katzenjammer Kids. They still endure. Indeed they have developed into two versions. The Captain in the course of his long ordeal has been thrown to sharks, lions and wild elephants, but none of the savage beasts has been able to do anything more than annoy him.

I would not contend that the comic strip, either of the past or present, was unfailingly an agency for good morals on the part of children. And it is quite possible that it induces bad manners, although many of the tiny tots come to these quite naturally without outside aid or comfort. But if I had been able to take in enough of the heady tonic in youth I fancy that what I lost in Chesterfieldian accomplishments I might have made up in a Three Musketeer sort of swagger of which I possess hardly a chemical trace.

Careful parents give fairy stories to their children and try to keep them away from comic strips. Of course, the effort is quite useless at the present time, since both the radio and the daily press combine in blaring out hot-blooded tales of highwaymen and underworld endeavors. The G-men have wholly replaced the Brothers Grimm in juvenile fancy and the exchange may be for the better.

My deep dreams still take me back sometimes to things out of the fairy tales which frightened me at five. There was an old woman who was roasted to death in a slow-burning oven. She was a witch, but even so it left me shuddering. How can parents permit their children to read such things and then shout bloody murder at the much more innocent pranks of comic-strip characters who do no more than hit each other over the head with hatchets?

Though Hans Christian Andersen is said to have been a man of much charm and gentle imagination, he is a shade morbid for the children's hour. And I did not sleep so well after hearing about an unfortunate match girl who froze to death in a bitter Scandinavian blizzard. At his very best, Andersen dealt with frustration. Only a few of his ugly ducklings turned to swans. In the comic strips they always do. They preach an optimistic doctrine. If I read them correctly, there is no barrier on earth or in the waters below or the skies above to thwart the functioning of a stalwart human spirit.

And if in years to come some noble one stands out against contumely it may be that in the beginning he seeped up courage and resolution by watching bricks bounce harmlessly from the head of some little man in a comic strip.

Washington Notes

The Relief Child Dreads Byrnes

NEXT TO NEUTRALITY, the most fateful struggle of the present session promises to center around the relief issue. Counting dependents of the unemployed, the livelihood of ten million Americans will be directly at stake. It is predicted by White House advisers that Mr. Roosevelt will make his chief stand of the session on the forthcoming relief appropriation. If that turns out to be true, the political future of the New Dealers may also be largely decided.

The relief problem has as many facets as a Hindu goddess has arms. Nevertheless, it is likely that the war will be fought on four principal fronts. One of these will be the question of local contributions. Under existing practice, the proportion of a relief project's cost to be met by the federal government, and the proportion to be met by a local sponsor, is determined in Washington. Senator Byrnes, mouthpiece of the Senate conservatives, now proposes that these proportions be fixed by statute. According to one formula, localities would furnish $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent of the total—in other words, one-half the amount provided by the government.

Despite the fact that statutory formulas of every kind were denounced by Mr. Roosevelt in his recent \$1,750,000,000 relief message, federal relief experts find this the least disturbing of Mr. Byrnes's proposals. The explanation of their relative passivity is not hard to find. The WPA higher-ups like to point to vast numbers of schools, hospitals, recreation centers, to unending miles of paved streets, sidewalk curbing, sewers, at the end of each fiscal year. The more money they can scrounge out of local communities, the more projects they can build. The chances are that this will be the most weakly held relief front, and the one where the New Dealers are most likely to give ground.

A second, more critical battleground is the issue of administrative control. At present, nearly all projects are approved in Washington; all relief payments come directly from the WPA; all purchases of materials are supervised by the procurement division of the Treasury. According to report, Mr. Byrnes and his Senate allies will shortly propose that these functions be handed over bodily to the states. The new WPA of Mr. Roosevelt's reorganization plan—the Work Projects Agency—would be violently transformed into a mere funnel for distributing federal grants-in-aid to autonomous state relief bodies. This is an issue on which the New Dealers will fight desperately. Mr. Roosevelt believes that such a decentralization of relief would show "as many disadvantages as there are local political units in the nation."

The New Dealers are reasonably confident, however, that Congress will reject this section of the Byrnes program. Federal experts point out that it would give state and county officials the final say-so on whether relief projects are undertaken. As things are managed now, the WPA administration in Washington, before approving a project, usually makes a point of forewarning the Congressman in whose district it is to be built. He thus has a chance to claim credit for it in his home-district newspapers. This is a means of

self-glorification, it is believed, that members of Congress will never willingly renounce. Moreover, if jurisdiction over projects is handed over to local officials, who knows but that one of them might wax so fat and strong that he would defeat his sitting Congressman in the 1940 election.

Control of relief by the states, it is also pointed out, would mean the end of the scrupulously honest supervision of the Treasury's procurement division over the purchase of materials. Experts predict that if state officials were allowed to negotiate the thousands of small contracts required by a relief program, administrative burglary would occur on so great a scale that the voters would revolt against the work-relief principle. Ripe, juicy scandals have already occurred in the distribution of social-security benefits; this is held to be the result of the fact that the federal Social Security Board has no direct power over state agencies.

A third struggle will almost certainly come over the proposal of Mr. Byrnes that henceforth relievers be paid, not according to prevailing hourly wage-rates, but according to prevailing annual wages. At present, officially determined annual wage-rates do not exist. However, this is a trifling difficulty; doubtless they could be compiled. Experts say, however, that the effect of Mr. Byrnes's innovation would be to break down the present wage structure throughout a great part of the WPA, and perhaps in private industry as well. For example, in the last few years many building-trades workers have made less than a thousand dollars a year, although they have the highest hourly wage-rates in the country. A pitifully large number of them have made no more than the WPA's average "security" wage of approximately \$600 a year. This is equally true of many other categories of workers. The Byrnes proposal—as interpreted by federal experts—would require that the relief wage-rates to all such workers be heavily slashed.

A fourth, extremely bitter fight will probably take place over white-collar projects, especially the four-arts program. It should be said that Mr. Byrnes's proposals do not forbid these projects. If a state or community is ready to furnish $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent of the cost, they can go on. In New York City, experts think that Mayor LaGuardia's highly civilized administration would make great efforts to raise the necessary funds. But because these projects are relatively more expensive than out-door construction jobs, there is danger that many communities would abandon them. A House appropriation subcommittee is now investigating the writers' and theatre projects in New York, and trying to find blacker, slimier mud than that thrown by Mr. Martin Dies last fall. Miserably unfair as this investigation is, it is likely to make the task of defending the white-collar and arts programs difficult when the relief debate begins. Mr. Roosevelt deserves great credit for the friendly message he sent to the Workers' Alliance just before the investigation began. It was one of the most forthright acts of his career.

The New Deal wish to draft Mr. Justice Douglas as the 1940 Democratic nominee is growing rapidly. If he would permit himself to be a candidate, no one in the White House or Cabinet group, with the possible exception of Secretary Wallace, would oppose him. The writer can say with some assurance that organization politicians look on him with at least mild favor. Even reactionaries of the

New Dealers. If only it were known that Mr. Douglas would take the nomination, he would be as far ahead of Democratic rivals as Mr. Dewey is on the Republican side. A number of Mr. Douglas' associates report that he is willing to run; others report just as positively that he will not.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

It's Fun to Be Fooled

I DARE SAY the capacity of the human mind for fooling itself is one of the most useful mechanisms of life. The security markets would be impossible without it and, for that matter, so would international relations. A simple and rudimentary instance of this is daylight saving. It would be humanly impossible even for a ruthless and omnipotent dictator overnight to make the work-day from eight to four instead of nine to five. But this can be accomplished without a whimper by the simple stratagem of putting the clock ahead an hour. Once upon a time it was my dark fortune to have to appear at my city desk in old New Haven at seven in the morning. I invented innumerable expedients for performing the essential tasks of rising, dressing, making my breakfast with an incredible reduction in the number of motions. I was organized like a firehouse. But so deeply rooted was—and is—my aversion to early rising that getting to my desk on time was impossible. Yet all by myself and without any external pressure whatever I solved this problem by simply keeping my bedroom clock fifteen minutes ahead winter and summer.

What device of conniving human nature has been more effective than putting one's property in one's wife's name? It fools no one save those it is intended to fool, namely, our naïve judges. And that is all that is necessary.

Consider the case of the New York Stock Exchange. The way to riches of the stock broker is to keep a number of irons in the fire or, to put it more accurately, to keep a number of other people's irons in your fire. Only a few houses have found it possible to grow fat upon commissions for handling other people's trades. The way to wealth is to handle other people's trades and also do a little trading yourself and, almost as good, have a store of shares and bonds in stock which can be unloaded upon customers looking for sound investment. This has brought about that delightfully profitable combination of functions in the broker's office, where he is at one and the same time agent, principal, gambler and stock merchant. This series of activities enables the "broker" to reach into many different kinds of pockets.

And there has been no end of reaching. So much so that those who have studied the markets know that it is this crazy mixture of functions which produces almost all that is bad in the market. I believe it to be a fact that we would not have to worry very much about the market and the brokers if the law of the land and the ethics of the market itself demanded that brokers should be brokers and nothing but brokers—if we applied to them the ethics we exact

Out of this evil has come a demand for the segregation of functions. This is the one great reform of the market. This is the reform toward which Mr. Justice Douglas (né Bill) was marching with Tarquin's ravishing stride. Had he remained chairman of the SEC I do not doubt he would have brought this reform about before he finished. His removal to the Supreme Court suspends for the moment that great objective. Whether it will be resumed depends on who is chairman of the Commission and where the new member, Leon Henderson, stands on this vital reform.

But in the meantime the moment is ripe for the Exchange to put on a defensive maneuver by concocting one of those thin and watery, yet effective, self-delusions which serve so well in other departments of human conduct.

The proposal is that brokerage houses as such do not engage in underwriting. Instead the brokers shall "segregate" their underwriting business in—of all things—an affiliate. The broker who wishes to engage in underwriting shall organize an affiliate—a little, closely held corporation—which will carry on the underwriting. In other words, he will put the underwriting business in his wife's name.

It will probably be like the bank affiliate. It will be in the same office, owned by the same people and run by the same brain. But there will be an outward appearance of segregation which will satisfy that incurious little demon in us which loves to be fooled.

I remember when the Securities and Exchange Act was being framed there came a moment when all of those who sat around the table were subjected to a wave of amusing embarrassment. One of the men in on the conference made a suggestion about this very subject. We were discussing the segregation of the brokerage and underwriting activities of brokers. All were agreed that the union of these two functions was indefensible and their segregation one of the most important objectives of the new reform. It was merely a question of how to frame the section in the act. Finally one gentleman—a very competent man in stock-market technique and a very pleasant and humane fellow besides—suggested a very nice way of doing this. He proposed that the act prohibit any broker from carrying on his door a sign or business announcement of any sort indicating that he was engaged in the underwriting business, but that any such sign or legend be carried on a different door, though the door might lead into the same office. And now the Exchange, without pulling a grin, makes a similar proposal.

It is of interest at this point to recall that in the end the act actually prohibited this combination of functions. It is also of interest to recall that after it was introduced the Treasury, represented by one of the secretaries and at the demand of the President, diluted this section so as to make this union of functions unlawful "when in contravention of rules and regulations prescribed by the Commission." That meant that it would not be unlawful until the Commission declared it to be so. And under Joseph P. Kennedy and James Landis the Commission not only never got around to doing that but actually refused to get around to it. Landis himself hamstrung the whole study of segregation. That is why Wall Street thought Kennedy and Landis such great fellows. But Douglas got on the trail. Now the Exchange is considering this childish deception as

The Boy from the Back Row

ONCE BENNY GOODMAN had broken the field wide open for solid and self-respecting bands, a lot of musicians came to the top who up to then had a very good expectancy of being buried for life in the obscurity of house-band or Hollywood work. The music business got a hypodermic everywhere, as a matter of fact; and as Abe Lyman said through his veteran cigar, "By me this swing is phooey, but I'll advise you when Goodman clicked I began booking hotels—which any dope knows you couldn't get into before without shooting your way, sweet or swing or novelty, I don't care what. By me this Benny is money in the bank, good luck to him."

But not all who came to the top were recognized for it. The Goodman brass section for the last three years has been a five-man unit playing with such collective precision, tone and driving spirit as to be a musical wonder, the first of its kind. But not much got known about Ziggy Elman, who has led the section since the band first came back to New York in the fall of 1936. He didn't stand up to take the solos, so for all purposes of estimation, criticism and applause he wasn't there.

Ziggy Elman is one of those natural musicians who would rather make music than fame or easy money (P.S., he is not throwing away any dollar bills, don't write). It wasn't until the revived interest in Yiddish folk tunes that he began to lift the roof off dance halls here and there—"Bei Mir Bist du Schön" was the first, followed by "Joseph, Joseph." And now, in the nonchalant way of the music business, he is the "author" of another old Yiddish favorite that his lyric writer has retitled "And the Angels Sing," which in Benny's arrangement was one of the two fastest selling records in the country for weeks. Ziggy is riding along on the top of every evening with that one still, up and down through a big chunk of the country on the one-nighter route. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Virginia—all the bandstands in all the different towns, Ziggy Elman gets up from two to four times an evening to cock that long trumpet up at his angels. Wherever it is, all the little girls with their flying skirts and chewing-gum, the local handsones and thrusting toughies, all bunch up nearer to the stand to listen and ask for it over again.

I remember when I first used to see Ziggy Elman banging along on buses and trains and gambling for hours on end with that eight-inch cigar permanently in his teeth and talking the current obscene jargon of the day in that noisy gangster's voice of his, and when it was common knowledge he ran a liquor store in Atlantic City and had a brother in one of those fast-talk auction deadfalls along the Boardwalk, he looked wrong enough to scare you. He didn't seem to have much connection with the finer arts and even when he played he was a little fearsome, because he never had time to learn any no-pressure method and when the brass was working you could see the whole side of his head bulge out right down to his collar. Also if the road man wanted to pack Ziggy's book half an hour before the show broke he would say yeah, yeah, yeah with what seemed like a wide contempt for the intricacies of musical notation. But if you'd listen a while those few times he got a full solo in the old days ("When You and I Were Young")

Maggie" on Victor, for example), you might find a giveaway, something in the tone and phrasing. After the customary scabrous exchanges of greeting you could even talk with him.

Ziggy Elman was born as Herman Finkelman in Atlantic City on May 26, 1914, the youngest of three boys. Did he take music lessons? Listen, Ziggy says, so you're a Jewish kid, so you take lessons. He took violin lessons early; his teacher used to have fun striking notes on the piano and having the kid tell him whether it was A-flat, D above C and so on, because the kid had been born with the musical gift of perfect pitch. He kept the lessons and practice up and got to be concert-master in the Atlantic City high-school orchestra. He picked himself up a bit of fame locally. One of his brothers went into the auction-house business, another into a sort of wholesale house for hotel supplies; but Ziggy found soon enough that he could make music pay, even if it didn't pay like wholesale. It was the thing he wanted.

There didn't seem a thing in music he didn't want to do and wasn't able to do with ridiculous ease. He can't explain how he came to play clarinet except by saying he had watched a clarinet player in the orchestra for quite a while, and hell, if you watch a clarinet player why you just pick it up and do it the same as he does. When he was seventeen, which was around 1931 when the big bands were coming through, he figured it would be nice to make a good stout noise in a jazz band, so he watched a trombone player for a while and tried fixing his lips for a brass mouthpiece and presently had a job as house-man for shows on the Steel Pier. He played trombone there for some four years. During his working time he had a chance to watch the playing of several different instruments, including the piano. After he had figured out piano, though, he guessed he liked organ better, and so even now when he can get to a theatre job early he likes to have himself a little organ jag before the house opens. The damn instrument is so hard to carry around with you.

He heard the big bands when they came through, of course, but didn't know musicians by name much because the town is the sort of backwater where music only stops overnight. He didn't know until told years later by Benny Heller (the guitar player and terrific offstage comedian of the present Goodman outfit) that the trumpet man he'd marked out in the Goldkette band was a Mr. Bix Beiderbecke. That was what he liked, though.

The Bartha orchestra played for dancing at the end of the pier then (as now), and in 1936 they took Ziggy as a soloist. They needed something higher than trombone for solo work and so Ziggy figured out trumpet fingering a little and took the solos on trumpet. Meanwhile Harry Goodman had been through with the Pollack band, also Gene Krupa with Mal Hallet. Both of them remembered the Atlantic City terror when the Goodman band was looking for a trumpet player. All right, so try him out. So for days he "tried out" with Benny and then turned around to work with the relief band, and how his lip stood it nobody knows; but when Benny came into the Pennsylvania for the fall opening in New York, Herman Finkelman was sitting up in the back row as Ziggy Elman, smoking his foul cigars and pulling the Goodman brass section into a steady concert power that has kept it out front of all brass sections

Even on records the work of these five men comes over like a single true cutting-edge with the weight of metal behind it; but there is no recording device that will preserve the shout and color of those five horns romping down the chords of a Fletcher Henderson arrangement, delicate as silk in their well tempered chord and phrasing, but a full blast of music in the ringing air. You should hear them from a point that would be called too close, where the full overtones have not dispersed in the heavy air and simple vibration becomes an almost visual spectrum. You should hear them on their off-time burning the fuzz out of an extempore fanfare they'll never use but wish to make clean just for the fun in it. You should have it in your ears because it can never be quite written down or left on record, and because it represents a combination of technical severity with unaffected joy in performance that has never been achieved in the music of any people.

Ziggy Elman heads up these dynamics in brass—but not merely as a job: you might be surprised to hear him break down once and say, in the middle of all this business of everybody fronting his own band: “You know, I like to play it this way—sonofabitch I guess I’ll stay with this band up till they throw me out of it.” At the same time there is a kind of feeling behind his work that comes out when he leaves the rest behind, and raises his horn in the full minor sadness of those old Jewish dance songs his father used to take him to hear played—the traditional obbligato movement of which he can play better just from the memory of those old times with his father than the men who played it then or try to play it now (it is a sort of fast stylized mazurka, played double-time and with much triple-tongueing). In the sadness of voice and full open music, these songs have something like the vigor and haunting sorrow of our traditional blues, however different and foreign the mode. And like the blues they demand an expression coming more directly from the heart than from any mastery of form or instrument, the minor key of night-fall with the bright energy of morning over it.

You can hear it on a record, but you could hear it much more truly where it is made, the trumpet lifting through the close air of the hall and the band filling in deep chords behind it. Ziggy is articulate only up to the point of saying “That’s the way I like to play it.” But there is another kind of articulation in music, a speech without words; and in the controlled exuberance of his trumpet tones you can hear more than any one musician in any one band—you can hear a measure of recollection, sorrow and triumph as he stops cursing and blowing the spit out of his horn and stands up from the back row, and brings the fast dancing boys and girls up standing around the platforms of the countryside, his upper lip an angry red from too much pressure, his face bulging to one side, his great long delicate brass trumpet rising in the air.

Ziggy can be found on records mostly with the fugitive solo work given him in the Goodman band. Recently he has done a few sides with his own pick-up group, but that is incidental stuff for him. He isn’t really among the angels, like Beiderbecke and Joe Smith, but he is on their road. Leave out the fortune and the fame among those who jitter; the music’s got him (lord), he wants most to stay where it is made that way.

The Bandwagon

In any case, the British have not finally rejected the Russian offer of an alliance; they have simply hesitated to accept it. — *London dispatch in The New York Times.*

Office copies. Not to be sold or criticized. — *Rubber stamp on the office copies of The American and The Herald and Examiner, Chicago.*

Air-raid-protection drills were canceled in Yorkshire. It was discovered that the 2,000 hurricane lamps to be used were stamped, “Made in Germany.” — *From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

And That’s What Makes the Sky so Blue

In fact, it has been my belief that the stock market created the future rather than discounted it. — *From a letter by Emerson C. Ives in The New York Times.*

Something He Et, No Doubt

Miss Lamour will not be required to appear in answer to the divorce action. She is scheduled to testify next month in the suit of a woman spectator who declares she was bitten by the actress’ gorilla playmate in a motion picture.

The plaintiff said she was unable to sit down for four months. The gorilla died. — *From The Los Angeles Daily News.*

Nobody Here But Us Dicks

Hitler visited the theatre alone save for an escort of five carloads of detectives. — *INS dispatch from Berlin, printed in The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Realism About Money

SIR: Last October, after I prophesied in The New Republic that nothing new would come out of the monopoly investigation, Mr. John T. Flynn took me to task genially and made a counter-prophecy to the effect that “something quite new will come out of it.” Now, in your issue of May 3, 1939, Mr. Flynn rather gleefully reminds me that this something quite new has emerged. When I look at Mr. Flynn’s new mouse that has come out of the groaning mountain, I find it is “self-government in industry” in the style of the NIRA. Well, with all due respect for Mr. Flynn’s discernment, I really cannot see anything new or quite new in that idea. And as a matter of fact the idea is much older than fascism.

Apart from all this, it seems to me that Mr. Flynn, who certainly enjoys slamming big business, will soon have to make up his mind. Does he believe that trust-busting in the historic

and keep it there? Does he favor immediate nationalization of big business? Or has he in mind some intermediate scheme? Or does he just enjoy a fight?

It certainly does no good to raise the fascist skull and crossbones when mention is made of coöperation among government, business and labor with a view to getting production on a high level. Trust-busting and rarin' and tarin' of the kind we have had for the past ten years, accompanied by unemployment and misery, seem to me to be a more likely way of getting fascism than some new and more realistic approach, such as is suggested by the Industrial Expansion Bill introduced in Congress last session. If not, Mr. Flynn, what have you?

New Milford, Conn.

CHARLES A. BEARD

"Maule's Curse"

SIR: In the March 8 issue of *The New Republic*, Mr. Granville Hicks reviews my volume of essays, "Maule's Curse," and finds it difficult to understand. He quotes a dozen or so scattered phrases and states that they are not explained in the text; the assertion is inexpensive.

He states that I give more praise to Cooper than to any other writer discussed. In point of fact, I state that Cooper, as an artist, can be considered successful only in fragments. My praise of Melville, however, was nearly as high as that ever given any writer: Mr. Hicks states that I treat him harshly. These are matters of obvious fact, and the list of factual errors in the review could be extended. Had Mr. Hicks read the book with sufficient attention to report these relatively trivial matters with accuracy, he might have found less difficulty in grasping the ideas that seemed to him so obscure.

This type of review is a spectacle both stupid and ugly. That the editors cannot check on the accuracy of every review published, I am aware. They would be wise, in the long run, however, to exercise a little more critical effort in the selection of reviewers.

Stanford University, Calif.

YVOR WINTERS

[Nowhere in the review was it said that Mr. Winters treated Melville harshly. What the reviewer said was, "Of the seven authors discussed, Cooper is the most unreservedly praised, with Jones Very faring exceedingly well, and Melville doing not too badly." Mr. Winters, complaining of factual inaccuracies, should be more factually accurate. — THE EDITORS]

A Free Press?

SIR: In reply to the charge that the press of America is biased and one-sided, publishers are fond of saying that their views do not coincide any more completely than do those of other homogeneous occupational groups, and that newspapers are representative of public thought.

In refutation of this claim, I should like to bring to your attention the report of the Committee on Social Security of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which has just been presented to the annual convention of the ANPA meeting in New York City.

The report concurs with the House bill proposed by Congressman McCormack of Massachusetts "to reduce the tax base of Title IX of the Federal Act to apply only on the first \$3,000 of earnings of each employee"; it urges the "freezing of the tax rate at one percent, and the elimination of the so-called 'old-age reserve' on old-age pensions; it opposes Senator Wagner's Health Insurance Program on the ground that "there is no warrant or justification for enacting such legislation at this time"; and in the matters of unemployment compensation and relief, the committee has adopted a similarly reactionary attitude.

This is a matter of record, and belies all the syrupy editorials written in defense of "freedom of the press" when that freedom means merely license to foster upon the people of the United States a program consisting of conservatism, callousness and greed for profits. Until publishers match their editorials with their deeds, the public has a right—indeed, an obligation—to look upon their proposals with deep mistrust.

Chicago, Ill.

SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS

For the Catalan Writers

SIR: I have had word from the president of the Catalan Institute of Literature saying that many of the Catalan writers, for whom I solicited some time ago donations of from one to ten dollars a month for six months in order to purchase food, were now in France, some of them in great need. The response to my first appeal was hearty, and I wish to say to those friends of writers in distress and to others who may wish to join that I shall be able to arrange for distribution of needed food to these Catalan intellectuals which can be arranged month by month through a friend and agent of the Institute in Marseilles. I shall be glad, therefore, to receive monthly checks from those who have pledged themselves and from any others who wish to join the group of American writers who are helping in this emergency. My address is 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

New York City

HENRY S. CANBY

From The New Republic Mail Bag

L. J. Eddy of Baltimore, Maryland, complains because *The New Republic* doesn't offer a definite program for progressive action. . . . C. Douglas Sager of Washington, D. C., is worried about what will become of the pacifist if the United States decides to join in Europe's impending war: "Let those who wish to police the world spill their own blood; let them not drag behind them the few of us who do not share their politics, their religion." . . . Abraham Chapman, the managing editor of *Equality*, a new monthly journal to defend democratic rights and combat anti-Semitism, sends us a copy of the first issue. It contains articles by Dorothy Thompson, Warden L. E. Lawes, Harry Emerson Fosdick and Donald Ogden Stewart.

Earl Conrad, 316 West Ninety-third Street, New York City, asks for biographical information about Harriet Tubman, the Negro woman Abolitionist. . . . T. Dean Crist of the Civic Medical Center, Chicago, Illinois, writes about the agreement that his organization has just signed with the Chicago Teachers' Union, Local 1, which makes possible complete prepaid medical, surgical and preventive care on a voluntary basis for union teachers. The rates are \$30 a year for a family, or \$18 for a single individual. . . . John S. Sills of Cleveland, Ohio, was "especially well satisfied" with the Spring Book number of *The New Republic*, particularly Max Lerner's article on Oswald Garrison Villard and "Medicus'" diagnosis of Hitler.

E. Reeves Cochran of Avalon, Pennsylvania, wishes the Fascist censorship of American correspondents were more severe. If they were not allowed to send anything worth printing, he figures, he wouldn't have to be bothered with so many columns of foreign-office releases. . . . Freda Kirchwey, editor of *The Nation*, writes to us on behalf of the International Relief Association for Victims of Fascism: "All funds raised are transmitted to our European committee and distributed by it to the families of political prisoners in Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, etc. . . . In addition we are caring for large groups of refugees in Paris, London, Amsterdam and Oslo." The American committee's address is 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Books in Review

Lest We Fight in Vain

THE ISSUE is exactly what it was in 1914. Now as then, Europe is engaged in a struggle for power. Now as then, lofty moral exhortations are being used to hide the naked facts. Now as then, American aid is desired and propaganda is the principal means of obtaining it. For all these reasons, the publication of Mr. Peterson's account of the British propaganda that drew America into the World War is or should be an event of significance to Americans who desire to safeguard American interests. If widely read, the book¹ will help vastly to prevent Americans from being swept off their feet by today's fears, hatreds and hysterias.

We were duped and hoodwinked by the British propaganda machine in the first World War, yes; but it is useless, Mr. Peterson makes clear, to lose ourselves in righteous indignation over that. Criticism properly can be directed, he holds, against American leaders in 1914-1917 for failure to see that the British propaganda arguments then were largely irrelevant, for failure to analyze the propaganda and to create and carry through American policies in terms of American interests.

With such notable exceptions as William Jennings Bryan, Henry Ford, Senator La Follette and William Randolph Hearst, American leaders of public opinion swallowed hook, line and sinker the one-sided and frequently false interpretation of war aims and methods disseminated by British propaganda. This reached America through the usually secret and almost always unobtrusive, suave, artistic, graceful and polite activities of Sir Gilbert Parker and his assistants. They operated the special unit of the British War Propaganda Bureau created to campaign against American neutrality. Woodrow Wilson and most of his important contemporaries were favorably disposed toward the British to begin with. After a year or two of constant absorption of the British version of the War, their minds had become conditioned to see only that version. Emotionally intoxicated, with their reasoning powers thrown out the window, they became volunteer propagandists for the British cause. As such they did the major part of Britain's propaganda job in America.

Mr. Peterson's book is an exact and detailed analysis of how the British propagandists operated and why they succeeded so well in breaking down American neutrality. It shows why Parker and his associates were successful in putting over on the United States one of the most effective jobs of mass hoodwinking in all history. Moreover, it is a fascinating and thrilling account of who worked on whom and how. Wisely, the author relates the British propaganda to the war strategy of which it was part. By rich documentation, which draws heavily upon findings of the Senate Munitions Investigation, he gathers into one volume facts enough to make a complete picture.

To win a knock-out victory, the British and their Allies needed vast help from America. At first, this came in cash purchases of munitions and supplies; then in munitions and supplies provided on credit and by private loans; and finally by the flotation of foreign government loans, chiefly by the House of Morgan. Meanwhile America must be induced to *accept* Britain's illegal blockade to starve Germany into submission and to *oppose* Germany's illegal submarine warfare, Germany's only means of fighting back. By 1917 the armed forces of America were required to prevent a German victory and to ensure the triumph of the Allies.

In every instance, British propaganda delivered the goods. Too late, Woodrow Wilson sensed that he had been duped, that most of the leaders of American public opinion—ministers, college presidents, college professors, school teachers, journalists and business and financial leaders—had also been duped. By the winter of 1917, the identity of American with British interests was complete. Wilson's final peace efforts were hopeless; America's armed participation was the tragic result of the failure of Wilson and most American intellectuals to recognize and appraise the British propaganda.

Mr. Peterson dwells on several factors which made this propaganda so effective: a common culture and language; a virtual British monopoly of war news and propaganda, made possible by cutting the German cables and censoring news and mail, keeping from Americans facts that might cause them to view the War objectively; an American press which, with few exceptions, printed distorted war news as truth and which, as the War brought increasing prosperity to American business men and publishers, reflected increasingly the financial expediency involved in the breakdown of American neutrality; susceptibility of Americans to moral preachments; the astuteness of the British in convincing our preachers, teachers, journalists and other intellectuals that instead of being engaged in a conflict for political and economic power the British were in a struggle to save righteousness and democracy; the identity of interests which, by purchase of goods and flotation of loans, gave millions of Americans a financial stake in the War; the clumsiness of the limited German propaganda efforts in America which caused them to have a negative effect; first, last and all the time, the appeal to emotion which utilized name-calling, glittering generalities and every artifice of deceit and which enabled the converted intellectuals to transfer the prestige of their churches, universities, newspapers, banks, business houses and even labor unions to the British cause.

Any nation, the author warns, would do the same thing. "To some," he concludes, "the history of the neutrality period demonstrates that the United States cannot keep out of war. But the facts do not bear out any such contention. What it does prove is that it is impossible to be unneutral and keep out of war."

But Mr. Peterson's book is not an argument for pacifism or for neutrality. If one is to draw any conclusion, it is that Americans ought to safeguard their own interests by coolly

¹ Propaganda for War, by H. C. Peterson. Norman: The Uni-

determining what those interests are, what facts are relevant to them, and to what extent propaganda may be distorting the pictures of the facts. Because the most educated, moral, respectable and influential citizens were the biggest suckers for British propaganda in 1914-1917, it may be pertinent to conclude too that Mr. Peterson's account of how they were fooled might be read with peculiar profit by today's most influential citizens—particularly by high officials of the nation, by college presidents and professors, by editors and preachers. American interests may require peace or they may require war; whichever it is, the decision will be more likely to be made in terms of those interests if this book gets widely read quickly enough. CLYDE R. MILLER

Isherwood's Lucid Eye

Goodbye to Berlin, by Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. \$2.50.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD is principally known in America as a collaborator with W. H. Auden in several satirical plays. Only one of his novels has been published here, "The Last of Mr. Norris," and this did not attract much attention. Mr. Isherwood has remained the least known of that group of young English writers which includes Auden, Spender, MacNeice and Lewis.

This new book puts him clearly before us, and we see that any previous impression based on his work with Auden was bound to be misleading. Mr. Isherwood is not a poet, and his gifts are of a totally different kind from those of the other members of the group. He does not come out very well in these plays, because they demand of him a kind of generalized fantasy for which his mind is too realistic and too classical. His real field is social observation; and in this field it would not be too much to say that he is already, on a small scale, a master.

"Goodbye to Berlin" is a chronicle—a sort of journal which expands into short stories—of ordinary life in Berlin just before the advent of the Nazis. ("The Last of Mr. Norris" is a part of the same series and ought to be read with the later book.) You see the working class, the underworld, the well-to-do Jews, the miscellaneous inmates of a cheap boarding house. Mr. Isherwood, unlike most Englishmen abroad, has studied the life of the people from the bottom instead of from the top, and with an eye singularly free for an Englishman from national or social bias.

This eye of Mr. Isherwood's is accurate, lucid and cool; and it is a faculty which brings its own antidote to the hopelessness and horror he describes. His theme in "Mr. Norris" was the decay and degradation of the culture of upper-class Europe; yet he managed to be effective where the ordinary Marxist cartoon of the bourgeois esthete fails, precisely by presenting Mr. Norris as a figure of high comedy. Mr. Norris is damned but he is human. Let us not be hysterical about him: the artist must neither weep nor sneer. Really to see Mr. Norris is to put him outside oneself and yet to leave him in the world of men. So in "Goodbye to Berlin"—which does not contain, however, any creation so brilliant as Mr. Norris—"Sally Bowles" is the story of a cabaret singer who fails to make good in Berlin because she is lacking in those careerist instincts to

is a story of the collapse of the morale of the German working class; "The Landauers" is a story of the doom of the Jews. Yet the writer has turned upon all these miseries a light which interpenetrates them completely and shows everything in daylight outlines, everything in proper proportion; a just and humane comprehension which, remaining unmuddled by the nightmares of the frightened, the darkness of the minds of the dying, never gives way to sentimentality or melodrama, even of the grim revolutionary brand. To have done this is in itself to have scored a kind of victory at a moment when such victories count even more than they always do.

Christopher Isherwood's prose is a perfect medium for his purpose. It has the "transparency" which the Russians praise in Pushkin. The sentences all get you somewhere almost without your noticing that you are reading them; the similes always have point without ever obtruding themselves before the object. You seem to look right through Isherwood and to see what he sees.

I hope that "Goodbye to Berlin" will have a success that will induce the publishers to reissue "The Last of Mr. Norris" and to bring out other books of Isherwood's. Can't we arrange to import more Isherwood and cut down on Harold Nicolson a little?

I should say, in pursuance of my policy of castigating the bad format of American books, that the designers of Random House, who pride themselves on their fine editions, have turned out for Mr. Isherwood a thing that looks like a Gideon Bible with a cheap nickel clasp on the wrong side. There are at least four serious misprints: on pages 32, 149, 155 and 221.

EDMUND WILSON

Philosophic Garland

Intelligence in the Modern World: John Dewey's Philosophy, edited with an Introduction by Joseph Ratner. New York: The Modern Library. 1,077 pages. \$1.25.

THE COLLECTED WORKS of John Dewey (and they have never been collected) run to considerable bulk. The cost of assembling them would be formidable. Some are even out of print, and many scattered papers can be found only in the files of journals, some of them (like *The Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine*) not universally accessible. All these facts are a measure of the debt we owe to Random House for bringing out a cross-section of the whole of Dewey's work as a Modern Library Titan. Nevertheless I feel about these selections as a gardener does about cut flowers: they are very lovely, very fragrant, quite impressive; but I prefer them growing.

Of course this raises the question what flowers are for, anyhow. Doubtless God didn't create the flowers to give employment to gardeners, and Dewey didn't write to provide material for future doctor's theses. But he didn't write for the amusement of his readers either, not even for their intellectual titillation. Marcus Aurelius, Spinoza and Schopenhauer notwithstanding, it was never the purpose of any philosopher to supply the world with inspirational reading matter. The objection I am making isn't a matter of gardeners and pedagogues; it has to do with the nature of

struggling to be—the vehicle of an idea. All that concerns him is the growth and spread of that idea. Dewey is a philosopher in that sense. He has an idea and he has spent his life trying to make it grow.

But ideas grow like plants, from roots and seeds, not from cut flowers. The selections from Dewey's latest book, "Logic: the Theory of Inquiry," will illustrate the difference. What impressed me most about that book was its roots, the fact that it is solidly rooted in the principle of the "continuity of inquiry." The book opens with a discussion of that principle, from which everything else certainly develops. It is the tool with which Dewey got his results, the apparatus without which no one else can repeat and verify his experiments. But it is all omitted.

This should not be taken as an aspersion on Dr. Ratner's editorship. To be available for inclusion in such a volume as this, a passage must stand by itself. It must be a little essay. As such it is bound to be unsatisfactory. The fragility of cut flowers is beyond the power of any gardener to alter. No series of excerpts can reproduce their author's original thought processes, and this goes for all the parlor philosophies. People who dabble in Schopenhauer are merely amusing themselves in a relatively harmless way. They are not learning to think as Schopenhauer did, let alone better than he did, and neither will anybody learn to think, Deweywise or otherwise, by a perusal of these passages.

Nevertheless such a book has a great mission. How many people have embarked upon the extensive reading of an

author's works as the result of a chance encounter with just such samples as are included here? The experience is universal. We have all had it at some time or other. How many people will be drawn from this collection to the originals? To nine-tenths of its readers "Intelligence in the Modern World" will bring genteel amusement, the illusion of intellectual sophistication. On their shelves it will stand beside Schopenhauer. I shudder to think of it, but if thousands of others go foraging in "The Quest for Certainty" or "Art as Experience," who cares?

C. E. AYRES

Camera at Eye-Level

Changing New York: Photographs by Berenice Abbott. Text by Elizabeth McCausland. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 208 pages. \$3.

NEW YORK is probably the most photographed city in the world, but it is also one of the least well documented photographically—in the sense at least that of all the millions of plates that have been exposed in that city, not more than a small percentage give much clue to the way of life and the day-by-day surroundings of the people who live there. From the days when the Flatiron Building was the target of all the lenses, to now, when it's Radio City they're aimed at, New York photography has been mainly devoted to picturing the massive, the grandiose or, for contrast, the quaint. Skyscrapers trickily angled, the towers of the East River bridges, the latticings of light on push-cart merchants underneath the El—all the things that you have to crane your neck for or else go slumming to see—these have been the commonest subjects, while the ordinary eye-level scenes, the vistas of shop fronts, cigar stores and restaurant windows that confront us every day, have been largely overlooked.

It's this field that Miss Abbott has chosen to explore, and she does it in a series of plates (ninety-seven in all) that are remarkable for their cool clarity and firmness of texture. The subjects themselves are designedly commonplace. "Rothman's Pawnshop, 149 Eighth Avenue," "Cheese Store, 276 Bleecker Street," "Greyhound Bus Terminal, 244-48 West 34th Street"—that's the general run of the titles, and at first glance the photographs seem equally matter-of-fact in spirit. But the approach, though austere, is penetrating; when one looks again it is to realize how much of commentary on our current folklore is locked up in her "Newsstand," with its rows upon row of pretty-girl magazine covers, her tenement doorways, grim business blocks, or her gasoline stations gaunt with steel lighting standards and Texaco signs.

The reproduction, generally, is excellent; the brief, pointed paragraphs of descriptive text by Elizabeth McCausland, which accompany the photographs, add considerably to their documentary interest; and what the book sums up to finally—and what it should be increasingly valuable for as time goes on—is a kind of direct, unaccented survey of the actual "look" of the city, in its most unromanticized, workaday aspects, circa 1939. A product of the Federal Art Project in New York, it seems, both in scope and purpose, a thoroughly worthy addition to that organization's already long list of praiseworthy publi-

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Brother Cheeryble

Autobiography with Letters, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1,010 pages. \$3.75.

IT WOULD BE very easy, and probably popular, to write a superciliously flippant review of Professor Phelps's autobiography. He has for so many years been a literary idol of suburbia, ratifying popular taste with presumably academic laurels, a combined pundit and Pollyanna, that more knowing readers have known that they must know to smile; and his casual praise has so long been able to bring a rain of gold down upon some virgin reputation that embittered authors may be forgiven their sneers. A review so keyed, in fact, might be sustained by quotation alone. As for example:

Literary dicta: "Any man or woman who can see 'Old Heidelberg' without a lump in the throat has ceased to be human."—"I believe there are no greater English dramas of the twentieth century than 'Peter Pan,' 'The Admirable Crichton' and 'Dear Brutus'."—Through the reading of "Maud," "I escaped from the gall of bitterness and the bond of Philistine iniquity, into the kingdom of light"; the gates of "the garden of Poetry" "opened wide, I entered, and I never came out." *Lebensphilosophie:* "The Puritans believed that out of a dark soil bright flowers would spring; the modern pessimist offers us no flowers, but more dirt."—"I hate to think what my life would have been without Schopenhauer"; he "added so much to my happiness."—"Kunst ist Religion," Hauptmann told Phelps, but "Art and religion seem to me quite different."—"One of the highest enjoyments is agreeable company for good conversation; I especially like men, women and children."

So one might go on almost indefinitely from this huge, garrulous and amorphous volume, which wanders from its narrative almost continually in its thousand pages to discuss cats, bellybands on cigars, how to cure hiccups, gluttony in the aged and a thousand other subjects. But to stop short with this would be to leave out all Professor Phelps's genuine claims to affection and respect. He really does "especially like men, women and children," and loves his enthusiastic audiences, quite sincerely calling them his "Sunday children" or his "Tuesday children." Sardonic and yet whimsically, Santayana in a letter accused him of his own sweetness: "I can't remember anybody so terribly good in Dickens except the Cheeryble brothers."

Moreover, Professor Phelps was one of the bright students and young professors of his day. Taking his doctorate in English literature at Harvard, he refused to submit to the linguistic treadmill of Anglo-Saxon, Old Norse and Gothic, and threatened to take the first train back to Yale; the great Professor Child surrendered, saying, "It is refreshing to find a graduate student who knows what he wants." His "Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement," for all its faults, was a pioneer work, and his "Essays on Russian Novelists" appeared while many of their subjects were not yet available in English. His courses in contemporary drama and fiction were the first to be given in any American university.

He must have been a very bright young man, and at seventy-four he still is. It may, indeed, account for the mingled sentiments he evokes that his interests and enthusiasms



Hungry Children

Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz

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siasms, though numerous and lively, have simplified rather than developed. He seems like a professorial counterpart to Davis' "Van Bibber," a youngster who has never emerged from the mauve and naïve nineties of legend, with their blissful sophistication and strange innocence. In his world—as the plentiful pages of his autobiography bear witness—war only once, and labor problems, depression, financial oligarchies, fascism and imperialism not even once, seem to have troubled the mind. He has been an academic Peter Pan, endeared to those many who wished to believe in the fairies.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Oklahomans

The Stricklands, by Edwin Lanham. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

MY FATHER used to say, "Scratch a nigger-hater and you'll find a poor white," a paraphrase of his own he never lived to understand. Color prejudice is not so deep-seated as it must appear to anyone who has to live with it day in and day out. Its poison is used (not with any clear-cut intent, but none the less effectively) by small-town bankers, mortgage holders, plantation owners, real-estate men, bridge-playing wives and other people who want their workers cheap and servile, who can live in complacent comfort as long as they can keep white pitted against black. And when there is lynching to be done, respectable folks stay snug at home while the poor white trash do the dirty work.

"We ain't talking social equality," Jay Strickland says somewhere in Edwin Lanham's novel. "Let's get economic equality, and the social equality will take care of itself." Those true words are spoken by the hero, a white man organizing for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and they are text enough for a novel. Too bad that Mr. Lanham felt the need for complicating and obscuring his theme with a bank-robber brother, a moonshiner father, and a flibbertigibbet sweetheart, none of whom ever quite comes to life.

My first impulse was to praise "The Stricklands," simply because I admire the author's attitude, his humanity, sincerity and evident honesty of purpose. But fine feelings will never do duty for poor writing, and the sooner all writers who wish to change the world accept that, the better. It is not enough, for example, to adapt the Faulkner device of giving each character chapters of his own in which he is free to cut some stream-of-consciousness didoes. It didn't make "As I Lay Dying" an especially good novel, and it certainly does nothing to make Mr. Lanham's prose better than that of a newspaper feature story, turgid with adjectives.

He chose the hills of eastern Oklahoma as the setting for his story. Either his memory was faulty or his observation was careless, so that no one who is familiar with that part of the country can take much stock in his descriptions. Surely there is no background in the world which brings into stronger relief the struggle for all that is good in humans against all that is bad and riding high. It is a place where poverty and ignorance abound in the midst of

pidgin English Mr. Lanham puts in their mouths, they must be very old men. And if there is any spinach grown commercially in the Cherokee Nation, I have missed seeing the fields.

GEORGE MILBURN

World Communism: A History of the Communist International, by F. Borkenau. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 442 pages. \$3.75.

MR. BORKENAU, according to his preface, was a member of the German Communist Party from 1921 to 1929. He was "in the immediate service of the Western European Bureau of the Comintern," but later left the movement. His purpose, however, is not to write a book of disclosures but to present a history—the history of a failure. At the end of the "history," the author finds his subject matter still a "puzzling phenomenon." He recommends that Stalin dissolve the Comintern for the sake of "liberty, democracy, peace and the integrity and greatness of the Russian people." Between the preface and the conclusions are many facts and many judgments. None of the facts is new. Most of the "conclusions" are either obvious or foolish. There is urgent need for an accurate, documented, critical history of the Comintern. The political prejudices of its author might make little difference so long as he possessed an intelligent grasp of political strategy and of the changing contexts within which strategists must operate. Mr. Borkenau unfortunately lacks this qualification.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

New Books: A Reader's List

AMERICAN EARTH, by Carleton Beals (Lippincott, \$3).

A fast-moving kaleidoscope of American people, places and problems. Written with gusto and a sharp eye for contrast, it shows the author's rankling hatred of the waste that has characterized American life from the beginning. Mr. Beals, who is a master at description, fails badly as an analyst: we never learn just what he means by "the American way of life."

CONTEMPORARY WORLD POLITICS, edited by F. J. Brown, C. Hodges and J. S. Roucek (Wiley, \$5). The opinions and interpretations of thirty-four qualified experts on a wide range of contemporary issues. The book has no unity of viewpoint, but it is crammed with useful information intelligently organized and illustrated with a series of excellent pictorial maps by Mr. Hodges.

GOD'S VALLEY, by Willson Whitman (Viking, \$3). An exciting human-interest story of "people and power along the Tennessee River." Miss Whitman has digested a vast amount of technical, economic, social and political knowledge about the great TVA experiment and has transformed it into a genuinely revealing picture of a region that has never fully recovered from the Civil War. The problem of labor and the CIO is intelligently handled.

WE POINTED THEM NORTH, by E. C. Abbott and Helena Huntington Smith (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3). A grand book about an old-time cowhand and rancher. E. C. Abbott, generally known as "Teddy Blue," died before Miss Smith's account of his life in his own language was released for circulation. He was only eleven when he first followed the dogies north in 1871, along the old Chisholm Trail. On his return, he found the old Chisholm Trail.

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NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS

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I FOUND OUT, by Nat Ferber (Dial, \$3). Newspaper tales in the "Front Page" tradition. Ferber was behind The New York American's bucketshop crusade and some other good ones. He has a plausible theory about Rothstein's death and an astonishing yarn about William Gibbs McAdoo. Also some lively shop-talk about working for Hearst (you get out in time or you walk out of a high window).

SWASTIKA, by Oscar Schisgall (Knopf, \$2). A writer is likely to have a hard time placing simple domestic upheavals against a background of yesterday's headlines; and Mr.

Schisgall is no exception. His novel concerns the impact of modern Germany on a young American couple. But his characters are pretty light to bear the weight of anti-Nazi sentiments: both suffer in consequence.

THE PRISONER ATE A HEARTY BREAKFAST, by Jerome Ellison (Random House, \$2). A young man's tussles with love and life, both of which get him down; his girl dies, the depression wrecks his career, he becomes the unsuspecting accomplice of a powerful crook. Most of the action is fast and moving, but the characters are rather shopworn and the style a lesser variation of Hemingway and Cain.

Contributors

BARBARA WERTHEIM was in Spain for several months in 1937. She is the author of "The Lost British Policy," a history of Anglo-Spanish relations in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR., who spent thirty hours at The World's Fair in its first five days, says his feet hurt.

DANIEL LANG is a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin. He is completing a survey of short-wave broadcasting, the results of which will appear in several magazines.

CLYDE R. MILLER, an associate professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, is director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis.

EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Axel's Castle," "The Triple Thinkers" and other books of criticism, poetry, drama, fiction and current history.

C. E. AYRES is professor of Economics at the University

of Texas. His books include a biography, "Huxley," **ROBERT M. COATES**, author of "Yesterday's Burdens" and "The Outlaw Years," is the art critic of The New Yorker.

EDGAR JOHNSON, the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," is a member of the Department of English at the College of the City of New York and lectures on satire and esthetics at The New School for Social Research.

GEORGE MILBURN, author of "No More Trumpets," "Oklahoma Town" and "Catalogue," has been writing a radio serial since 1937 and is living temporarily at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He is a native of the region Edwin Lanham's novel describes.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College. His most recent book is "Europe on the Eve."

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